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*CHIPPINGE.*¹

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CHAPTER XIX.

THE FRUITS OF VICTORY.

ARTHUR VAUGHAN could write himself Member of Parliament. The plaudits of the Academic and the mimic contests of the Debating Club were no longer for him. Fortune had placed within his grasp the prize of which he had often dreamt; and henceforth all lay open to him. But, as a contemporary in a letter written on a like occasion says, he had gone through innumerable horrors to reach the goal. And the moment the result was known and certain he slipped away from his place, and from the oppressive good wishes of his new and uncongenial friends—the Williamses and the Blackfords; and shutting himself up in his rooms at the White Lion, where his entrance was regarded with suspicion, he set himself to look the future in the face.

He had done nothing of which he was ashamed. Circumstances had indeed put him in a false position, but he had freed himself frankly and boldly; and every candid man must acknowledge that he could not have done otherwise than he had. Yet he was aware that his conduct was open to misconstruction. Some, even on his own side, would say that he had gone to Chippinge prepared to support his kinsman; and that then, tempted by the opportunity of gaining the seat for himself, he had faced about. Few would believe the truth—that twenty-four hours before the election he had declined to stand. Still fewer would believe that in withdrawing

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his 'No,' he had been wholly moved by the offer Sir Robert had made to him and the unworthy manner in which he had treated him.

Yet that was the truth ; and so entirely the truth that but for that offer he would have resigned the seat even now. For he had no mind to enter the House under a cloud ; he knew that to do so was to endanger the boat in which his fortunes were embarked. But in face of that offer he could not withdraw. Sir Robert, Wetherell, White, all would think that he had resigned, not on the point of honour, but for a bribe, and because the bribe, refused at first, grew larger the longer he eyed it.

So, for good or evil, he stood where he was. And for a few minutes, while the roar of the applauding mob rose to his windows, he enjoyed his triumph. He was a member of the Commons' House. He stood on that threshold, on which Harley and St. John, Walpole the Wise, and the inspired Cornet, Pitt and Fox, spoiled children of fortune, Castlereagh the illogical, and Canning,

Born with an ancient name of little worth,
And disinherited before his birth,

and many another had stood ; knowing no more than he knew what fortune had in womb for them, what of hushed silence would one day mark their rising, what homage of loyal hearts and thundering feet would hang upon their words. As their fortunes his might be ; to sway to tears or laughter, to a nation's weal or woe, the men who ruled ; to know his words were fateful, and yet to speak with no uncertain voice ; to give the thing he did not deign to wear, and make the man whom he must follow after, ay,

To fall as Walpole and to fail as Pitt !

this, all this might be his, if he were worthy. If the dust of that arena knew no better man.

His heart rose on the wave of exaltation, and he felt himself fit for all, equipped for all. He owned no task too hard, no enterprise too high. Nor was it until he remembered the change, the stupendous change, in his fortunes, and bethought him that henceforth he must depend upon himself, that he fell from the clouds. The story would be sifted of course ; its truth or falsehood would be made clear. But, whatever use Sir Robert might have deigned to make of it, Vaughan did not believe that he would have stooped to invent it. And if it were true, then all the importance which had attached to himself as the heir to a great property, all the privileges, all the sanctity of coming wealth were gone.

But with them the responsibilities of that position were gone also ! The change might well depress his head and cloud his heart. He had lost much which he could hardly hope to win for himself. Yet—yet there were compensations.

He had passed through many things in the last twenty-four hours ; and, perhaps for that reason, he was easily swayed by emotion. At any rate, in the thought that he might now seek a companion where he pleased, in the remembrance that he had no longer any tastes to consult but his own, any prejudices to respect save those which he chose to adopt, he found a comfort at which he clutched eagerly, ay, thankfully. The world which shook him off—he would no longer be guided by its dictates. The race, strenuous and to the swift, ay, to the draining of heart and brain, he would not run it alone, and uncheered ; merely because, while things were different, he had walked by a certain standard of conduct. If he was now a poor man, he was at least free. Free to take the one he loved into the boat in which his fortunes floated, nor ask too closely who were her forbears. Free to pursue his ambition hand in hand with one who would sweeten failure and share success ; with one who, in that life of scant enjoyment and high emprise to which he must give himself, would be a guardian angel, saving him from the spells of folly and pleasure !

He might please himself now, and he would. Flixton might laugh, the men of the 14th might laugh. And in Bury Street he might have winced. But in Mecklenburgh Square, where he and she would set up their modest tent, he would not care.

He could not go to Bristol until the morrow, for he had to see Pybus. But he would write and tell her of his fortunes and he would ask her to share them. The step was no sooner conceived than attempted ! He took pen and paper, and with a glow about his heart, in a state of generous agitation, he prepared to write.

But he had never written to her, he had never called her by her name. And the difficulty of addressing her overwhelmed him. In the end, after sitting appalled by the bold and shameless look of 'Dear Mary,' 'Dearest Mary,' and of addresses warmer than these, he solved the difficulty, after a tame fashion, by writing to Miss Sibson. And this was what he wrote :

'DEAR MADAM,—At the interview which I had with you on Saturday last, you were good enough to intimate that, if I were prepared to give an affirmative answer to a question which you

did not put into words, you would permit me to see Miss Smith. I am now in a position to give the assurance as to my intentions which you desired, and trust that I may see Miss Smith on my arrival in Bristol to-morrow.

‘ Believe me to remain, Madam, truly yours,

‘ ARTHUR V. VAUGHAN.’

And he told himself that all his life he would remember the use to which he had put his first frank !

That night the toasting and singing, drunkenness and revelry of which the borough was the scene, kept him long waking. But eleven o'clock on the following morning saw him alighting from a chaise at Bristol, and before noon he was in Queen's Square.

For the time at least he had put the world behind him, and it was in the joyous anticipation of what was to come that he approached the house. He came, a victor from the fight ; nor, he reflected, was it every suitor who had it in his power to lay such offerings at the feet of his mistress. In the eye of the world, indeed, he was no longer what he had been ; for the match-making mother he had lost his value. But he had still so much to give which Mary had not, he could still so alter the tenor of her life, he could still so lift her in the social scale, those hopes which she was to share still flew on pinions so ambitious—to the very scattering of garters and red ribbons—that his heart was full of the joy of giving. He must not be blamed if he felt as King Cophetua when he stooped to the beggar-maiden, or as the Lord of Burleigh when he wooed the farmer's daughter. After all, he did but rejoice that she had so little and he had so much ; that he could give and she could grace.

When he came to the house he paused a moment, wondering that when all things were altered, his prospects, views, plans, its face rose unchanged. Then he knocked boldly and asked for Miss Smith ; the time for hesitation was past. Still, he thought it likely that he would have to wait until the school rose at noon. The maid, however, received him as if she expected him, and ushered him at once into a room on the left of the entrance. There he stood, holding his hat ; but not for long. The door had scarcely closed on the girl before it opened again, and Mary Smith came in. She met his eyes, and started—as if she were astonished—blushed a divine rosy-red, and stood wide-eyed and uncertain, with her hand on the door.

'Did you not expect me?' he said, taken aback on his side. For this was not the Mary Smith with whom he had travelled on the coach, with whom he had talked in the Square. This was a Mary Smith, no less beautiful, but gay and fresh as the morning, in dainty white with a broad blue sash, and with something new, something of a franker bearing in her air. 'Did you not expect me?' he repeated gently, advancing a step towards her.

'No,' she murmured, and she stood blushing before him, blushing more deeply with every second. For his eyes were beginning to talk, and to tell the old tale.

'Did not Miss Sibson get my letter?' he asked.

'I think not,' she murmured.

'Then I have all—to do,' he said. And it was—it was certainly a harder thing to do than he had expected. 'Will you not sit down, if you please?' he pleaded. 'I want you to listen to me.'

For a moment she looked as if she would flee instead. Then she let him lead her to a seat.

He sat down within reach of her. 'And you did not know that it was I?' he said, feeling the difficulty increase with every second.

'No.'

'I hope,' he said, 'that you are glad that it is?'

'I am glad to see you again—to thank you,' she murmured. But while her blushes and her downcast eyes seemed propitious there was something—was it, could it be a covert smile hiding at the corners of her mouth?—some change in her which oppressed him, and which he did not understand. One thing he did understand, however: that she was more beautiful, more desirable, more intoxicating than he had pictured her. And his apprehensions grew upon him, as he paused tongue-tied, worshipping her with his eyes. If, after all, she would not? What if she said, No? For what, now he came to measure them beside her, were those things which he brought her, those things he came to offer, that career which he was going to ask her to share? What were they beside her adorable beauty and her modesty, the candour of her maiden eyes, the perfection of her form? He saw their worthlessness; and the bold phrase with which he had meant to open his suit, the confident, 'Mary, I am come for you,' which he had repeated so often to the rhythm of the chaise-wheels that he was sure he would never forget it, died on his lips.

At last, 'You speak of thanks—it is to gain your thanks I am come,' he said nervously. 'But I don't ask for words. I want

you to think as—as highly as you can of what I did for you, if you please! I want you to believe that I saved your life on the coach. I want you to think that I did it at great risk to myself. I want you,’ he continued hurriedly, ‘to exaggerate a hundred-fold—everything I did for you. And then I want you to think that you owe all to a miser who will be content with nothing short of—of immense interest, of an extortionate return.’

‘I don’t think that I understand,’ she answered in a low tone, her cheeks glowing. But beyond that he could not tell aught of her feelings; she kept her eyes lowered, so that he could not read them; and there was, even in the midst of her confusion, an ease in her bearing, which was new to him and which frightened him. He remembered how quickly she had on one occasion put him in his place: how coldly she had asserted herself; and he began to think that perhaps she had no feeling for him. Perhaps, apart from the incident in the coach, she even disliked him!

‘You do not understand,’ he said unsteadily, ‘what is the return I want?’

‘No—o,’ she faltered.

He stood up abruptly, and took a pace or two from her. ‘And I hardly dare tell you,’ he said. ‘I hardly dare tell you. I came to you, I came here as brave as a lion. And now—I don’t know why—I am frightened.’

She—astonishing thing!—leapt the gulf for him. Possibly the greater distance at which he stood gave her courage. ‘Are you afraid,’ she murmured, moving her fingers upon her lap and watching them, ‘that you may change your mind again?’

‘Change my mind?’ he ejaculated, not for the moment understanding her. So much had happened since his collision with Flixton in the Square.

‘As that gentleman—said you were in the habit of doing.’

‘Ah!’

‘It was not true?’

‘True?’ he exclaimed hotly. ‘True that I—that I—’

‘Changed your mind?’ she repeated with her face averted. ‘And that was not all, sir?’

‘What else?’ he asked bitterly.

‘Talked of me—among your friends?’

‘A lie! A miserable lie!’ he cried on impulse, finding his tongue again. ‘But there, I will tell you all. He saw you—that first morning you remember, and never having seen any one so

lovely, he intended to make you the object of—of attentions that were unworthy of you. And to shield you from them, I told him that I was going—going to make you my wife.'

She did not speak for a moment. Then, 'Is that what you mean to-day?' she asked faintly.

'Yes.'

'But you did not mean it then?' she returned—though very gently. 'It was to protect me you said it?'

He looked at her, astonished at her insight and her boldness. How different, how very different, was this from that to which he had looked forward! At last 'I think I meant it,' he said gloomily, 'God knows I mean it now! But that evening,' he continued, seeing that she still waited with averted face for the rest of his explanation, 'he challenged me at dinner before them all, and I,' he added jerkily, 'I was not quite sure what I meant—I had no mind that you should be made the talk of the—of my friends—'

'And so—you denied it?' she said gently.

He looked darkly before him. 'Yes,' he said.

'I think I—I understand,' she answered unsteadily. 'What I do not understand is, why you are here to-day. Why you have changed your mind again? Why you are now willing that I should be—the talk of your friends, sir?'

He stood, the picture of abasement. Must he acknowledge his doubts and his hesitation, allow that he had been ashamed of her, admit that he had deemed the marriage he now sought, a *mésalliance*? Must he open to her eyes those hours of cowardly vacillation during which he had walked the Clifton Woods weighing *I would* against *I dare not*? And do it in face of that new dignity which he recognised in her, and which made him doubt if he had an ally in her heart.

More, if he told her, would she understand? Why should she, bred so differently, understand how heavily the old name with its burden of responsibilities, how heavily the past with its obligations to duty and sacrifice, had weighed upon him! And if he told her and she did not understand, what mercy had he to expect from her?

Still, for a moment he was on the point of telling her: of telling her all—why he was now free to please himself, and why, rid of the burden with the inheritance, he could follow his heart. But the tale was long and roundabout, she knew nothing of the Vermuydens, of their importance, or his expectations, or what he had lost or

what he had gained. It seemed simpler to throw himself on her mercy.

'Because I love you!' he said humbly. 'I have nothing else to say.'

'And you are sure—that you will not change your mind again?'

He could not see her face as she spoke, but there was that in her voice which brought him across two squares of the carpet as if she had jerked him with a string. In a second he was on his knees beside her, he had laid a feverish hand on hers. 'Mary,' he cried, 'Mary!' and he sought to read her face. 'You will? You will let me take you? You will let me take you from here? I cannot, cannot offer you what I once thought I could, but I have enough, and you will?' There was a desperate supplication in his voice; for close to her, so close that his breath was on her cheek, she seemed so dainty, so delicate and rare, that he could hardly believe that she could ever be his, that he could be so lucky as to possess her, that he could ever take her in his arms. 'You will? You will?' he repeated, empty of all other words—but his eyes spoke for him.

She did not answer, she could not answer. But she bent her head lower.

'You will?'

She turned her eyes on him at last; eyes so tender and grateful that they seemed to draw his heart, his being, his strength out of him. 'Yes,' she whispered shyly. 'If I am allowed.'

'Allowed? Allowed?' he cried in the voice of a giant. How in a moment was all changed for him! 'I would like to see——' And then breaking off—perhaps it was her fault for leaning a little towards him—he did that which he thought a moment before that he would never dare to do. He put his arm round her and drew her gently and reverently to him until—for she did not resist—her head touched his shoulder. 'Mine!' he murmured. 'Mine! Mine! Mine! I can hardly believe it. I can hardly think I am so blest.'

'And you will not change?' she whispered.

'Never! Never!'

They were silent, blissfully silent. Was she thinking of the dark night, when she had walked lonely and despondent to her new and unknown home? Or of many an hour of solitary depression, spent in cold and dreary schoolrooms, while others made holiday? Or, of what she would be to him? Was he thinking of his

doubts and fears, his cowardly hesitation? Or only of his present monstrous happiness? No matter; at any rate, they had forgotten the existence of anything outside the room, they had forgotten the world and Miss Sibson's, they were in a Paradise of their own, such as is given to no man and to no woman more than once, they were a million miles from Bristol City, when the sound made by the opening door surprised them in that posture. Vaughan turned fiercely to see who it was; to see who dared to trespass on their Eden. He looked—only looked, and he sprang to his feet, amazed. He thought for a moment that he was dreaming, or that he was mad.

For on the threshold, gazing at them with a face of indescribable astonishment, rage, incredulity, was Sir Robert Vermuyden. Ay, Sir Robert Vermuyden! The last man in all the world whom Arthur Vaughan had expected to see there!

CHAPTER XX.

A PLOT UNMASKED.

For a few moments the old man and the young man gazed at one another, alike in this only, that neither found words equal to his feelings. While Mary, covered with confusion, blushing for the situation in which she had been found, could not hold up her head. It was Sir Robert who at last broke the silence in a voice which trembled with passion.

'You viper!' he said. 'You viper! You would sting me—here also!'

Vaughan stared at him aghast. The intrusion was outrageous; but astonishment rather than anger was the young man's first feeling. 'Here also?' he repeated, as if he thought that he must have heard amiss. 'I sting you? What do you mean? Why have you followed me?' And then, more warmly, 'How dare you, sir, spy on me?' And he threw back his head in wrath.

The old man, every nerve and vein in his lean high forehead swollen and leaping, raised his cane and shook it at him. 'Dare? Dare?' he cried, and then for very rage his voice failed him.

Vaughan closed his eyes and opened them again. 'I am dreaming,' he said. 'I must be dreaming. Are you Sir Robert Vermuyden? Is this house Miss Sibson's school? Are we in Bristol? Or is it all—but first, sir,' recalling abruptly and with

indignation the situation in which he had been surprised, and raising his tone, 'how come you here? I have a right to know that!'

'How come I here?'

'Yes! How come you here, sir?'

'You ask me! You ask me!' Sir Robert repeated, as if he could not believe his ears. 'How I come here! You scoundrel! You scoundrel!'

Vaughan started under the lash of the word. The insult was gratuitous, intolerable! No relationship, no family tie could excuse it. No wonder that the surprise and irritation which had been his first feelings gave way to pure anger. Sir Robert might be this or that. He might have, or might have had, certain rights. But now all that was over, the relationship was a thing of the past. And to suppose that he was still to suffer the old gentleman's interference, to put up with his insults, to permit him in the presence of a young girl, his promised wife, to use such language as he was using, was out of the question. His face grew dark.

'Sir Robert,' he said, 'you are too old to be called to account. You may say, therefore, what you please. But not—not if you are a gentleman—until this young lady has left the room.'

'This—young—lady!' Sir Robert gasped in an indescribable tone. And with the cane quivering in his grasp he looked from Vaughan to the girl.

'Yes,' Vaughan answered sternly. 'That young lady! And do not let me hear you call her anything else, sir, for she has promised to be my wife.'

'You lie!' the baronet cried. The words leapt from his lips.

'Sir Robert!'

'My daughter—promised to be your wife! My—my—'

'Your daughter!' Vaughan's mouth opened.

'Hypocrite!' Sir Robert retorted, flinging the word at him.

'You knew it! You knew it!'

'Your daughter?'

'Ay, that she was my daughter! You knew it!'

'Your daughter!'

This time the words fell from the younger man in a whisper. And he stood, turned to stone. His daughter? Sir Robert's daughter? The girl—he tried desperately to clear his mind—of whom Wetherell had told the story; the girl whom her mother had hidden away, while in Italy; the girl whose reappearance in life

ousted him from his inheritance? Mary Smith—was that girl! His daughter?

But no! The blood leapt back to his heart. It was impossible, it was incredible! The coincidence was too great, too amazing. His reason revolted against it. And 'Impossible!' he cried in a louder, a bolder tone—though fear underlay its confidence. 'You are playing with me! You must be jesting!' he added angrily.

But the elder man, though his hand still trembled on his cane and his face was sallow with rage, had by this time regained some control of himself. Instead of retorting on Vaughan—except by one glance of withering contempt—he turned to Mary. 'You had better go to your room,' he said, coldly but not ungently. For how, he was thinking, could he blame her, bred amid such surroundings, for conduct that in other circumstances had irritated him indeed? For conduct that had been unseemly, unmaidenly, improper. 'You had better go to your room,' he repeated. 'This is no fit place for you, and no fit discussion for your ears. I am not—the fault is not with you, but it will be better if you leave us.'

She was rising, too completely overwhelmed to dream of resistance, when Vaughan interposed. 'No,' he said with a gleam of defiance in his eyes. 'By your leave, sir, no! This young lady is my affianced wife. If it be her own wish to retire, be it so. But if not, there is no one who has the right to bid her go or stay. You—', stopping Sir Robert's wrathful rejoinder by a gesture, 'you may be her father, but before you can exercise a father's rights you must make good your case.'

'Make good my case?' Sir Robert ejaculated.

'And when you have made it good, it will still be for her to choose between us,' Vaughan continued with growing determination. 'You, who have never played a father's part, who have never guided or guarded, fostered or cherished her—do not think, sir, that you can in a moment arrogate to yourself a father's authority.'

Sir Robert gasped. But the next moment he took up the glove flung down. He pointed to the door, and with less courtesy than the occasion demanded—but he was sore pressed by his anger—'Leave the room, girl,' he said.

'Do as you please, Mary,' Vaughan said.

'Go!' cried the baronet, stung by the use of her name.

'Stay!' said Vaughan.

Infinitely distressed, infinitely distracted by this appeal from

the one, from the other, from this side, from that, she turned her swimming eyes on her lover. 'Oh, what,' she cried, 'what am I to do?'

He did not speak, but he looked at her, not doubting what she would do, nor conceiving it possible that she could prefer to him, whose sweet professions were still honey in her ears, whose arm was still warm from the pressure of her form—that she could prefer to him a father who was no more than the shadow of a name.

But he did not yet know Mary either in her strength or her weakness. Nor did he consider that her father was already more than a name to her. She hung a moment undecided and wretched; drooping, as the white rose that hangs its head in the first shower. Then she turned to the elder man, and throwing her arms about his neck cried passionately, 'You will be good to him, sir! Forgive him! Oh, forgive him!'

'My dear——'

'Oh, forgive him, sir!'

Sir Robert smoothed her hair with a caressing hand, and with pinched lips and bright eyes, looked at his adversary over her head. 'I would forgive him,' he said, 'I could forgive him—all but this! All but this, my dear! I would forgive him, if he had not tricked you and deceived you into this! Into the belief that he loves you, while he loves only your inheritance! Or that part,' he added bitterly, 'of which he has not already robbed you!'

'Sir Robert,' Vaughan said, 'you have stooped very low. But it will not avail you.'

'It has availed me so far,' the baronet retorted triumphantly. With confidence he was regaining command of himself.

Vaughan winced. In proportion as the other recovered his temper, he lost his.

'It will avail me still farther,' Sir Robert continued, 'when my daughter understands, as she shall understand, sir, that when you came here to-day, when you stole a march on me, as you thought, and proposed marriage to her behind my back, you knew all that I knew! Knew, sir, that she was my daughter, knew that she was my heiress, knew that she ousted you, knew that by a marriage with her, and by that only, you could regain all that you had lost!'

'It is a lie!' Vaughan cried, stung beyond endurance. He was pale with anger.

'Then refute it!' Sir Robert said, clasping the girl—who had

involuntarily winced at the word—more closely to him. ‘Refute it, sir! Refute it!’

‘It is incredible,’ Vaughan cried. ‘It needs no refutation!’

‘Why?’ Sir Robert retorted. ‘I state it. I am prepared to prove it. I have three witnesses to the fact!’

‘To the fact that I——’

‘That you knew,’ Sir Robert replied. ‘Knew this lady to be my daughter when you came here this morning! Knew it as well as I knew it myself.’

Vaughan returned his look in speechless indignation. Did the man really believe in a charge which at first had seemed mere vulgar abuse? It was not possible! And ‘Sir Robert,’ he said, at length, speaking slowly and with dignity, ‘I never did you harm by word or deed until a day or two ago. And then, God knows, perforce and reluctantly. How, then, can you lower yourself to such a charge as this?’

‘Do you deny, then,’ the baronet replied with contemptuous force, ‘do you dare to deny to my face—that you knew?’

Vaughan stared. ‘You will say presently,’ he replied, ‘that I knew her to be your daughter when I made her acquaintance on the coach a week ago, at a time when you knew nothing yourself?’

‘As to that I cannot say one way or the other,’ Sir Robert rejoined. ‘I do not know how nor where you made her acquaintance. But I do know that an acquaintance so convenient, so coincident, could hardly be the work of chance!’

‘Good G—d!’ Vaughan cried. ‘Then you will say also that I knew who she was when I called on her the day after, and again two days after that—while you were still in ignorance?’

‘I have said,’ the baronet answered with cold decision, ‘that I do not know how you made, nor why you followed up, your acquaintance with her. But I have, I cannot but have, my suspicions.’

‘Suspicions? Suspicions?’ Vaughan cried bitterly. ‘And on suspicion, the base issue of prejudice and dislike——’

‘No, sir, no!’ Sir Robert struck in. ‘Though it may be that if I knew who introduced you to her, who opened this house to you, and the rest, I might find ground for more than suspicion! The schoolmistress might tell me somewhat, and—you wince, sir! Ay,’ he continued in a sterner tone, ‘I see that there is something to be learned! But it is not upon suspicion that I charge you to-day. It is upon the best of evidence. Did you not, before my

eyes, and in the presence of two other witnesses, read in the drawing-room at Stapylton the whole story of my daughter's movements up to her departure from London for Bristol? With the name of the school to which she was consigned? Did you not, sir? Did you not?'

'Never! Never!'

'What!' The astonishment in Sir Robert's voice was so genuine, so unfeigned, that it must have carried conviction to any listener.

Vaughan passed his hand across his brow; and Mary, who had hitherto kept her face hidden, shivering under the lash of each harsh word—for to a tender heart what could be more distressing?—raised her head to listen. What would he answer? For, ah, she alone knew how her heart beat, how sick she was with fear, how she shrank from that which the next minute might unfold.

And yet she listened.

'I—I remember now,' Vaughan said, and the consternation he felt made itself plain in his voice. 'I remember certainly that I looked at a paper——'

'At a paper?' Sir Robert cried in a tone of withering contempt. 'At a detailed account, sir, of my daughter's movements down to her arrival at Bristol. Do you deny that?' he continued grimly. 'Do you deny that you perused that account?'

Vaughan stood for a moment with his hand pressed to his brow. He hesitated. 'I remember taking a paper in my hands,' he said slowly, his face flushing as the inference from his words occurred to him. 'But I was thinking so much of the disclosure you had made to me, and of the change it involved, that——'

'That you took no interest in the writing?' Sir Robert cried in a tone of bitter irony.

'I did not.'

'You did not read a word, I suppose?'

'I did not.'

Before the baronet could utter the sneer which was on his lips Mary interposed. 'I would rather go,' she murmured. 'I feel—faint!'

She detached herself from her father's arm as she spoke, and, with her face averted from her lover, she moved uncertainly towards the door. She had no wish to look on him; she shrank from meeting his eyes. But something, either the feeling that she would never see him again, or the hope that even at the last moment

he might explain his admission—as well as those facts, ‘confirmation strong as hell,’ which she knew, but which Sir Robert did not know—one or other of these feelings made her falter on the threshold, made her turn. Their eyes met.

He stepped forward, white with pain. For what pain is stronger than the pang of innocence accused?

‘One moment,’ he said, in an unsteady voice. ‘If we part so, Mary, we part indeed! We part for ever! I said awhile ago that you must choose between us. And you have chosen—it seems,’ he continued unsteadily. ‘Yet think! Give yourself, give me a chance. Will you not believe my word?’ And he held out his arms to her. ‘Will you not believe that when I came to you this morning I thought you penniless? I thought you the unknown schoolmistress you thought yourself a week ago! Will you not trust me when I say that I never connected you with the missing daughter? Never dreamed of a connection. Why should I?’ he added, in growing agitation as the words of his appeal wrought on himself. ‘Why should I? Or why do you in a moment think me guilty of the meanest, the most despicable, the most mercenary of acts?’

He was going to take her hand, but Sir Robert stepped between them, grim as fate and as vindictive. ‘No!’ he said. ‘No! No more! You have given her pain enough, sir! Take your dismissal and go! She has chosen—you have said it yourself!’

He cast one look at Sir Robert, and then, ‘Mary,’ he asked, ‘am I to go?’

She was leaning, almost beside herself, against the door. And oh, how much of joy and sorrow she had known since she crossed the threshold. A man’s embrace, and a man’s treachery. The sweetness of love and the bitterness of—reality!

‘Mary!’ Vaughan said.

But the baronet could not endure this. ‘By G—d, no!’ he cried, infuriated by the other’s persistence, and perhaps a little by fear that the girl would give way. ‘You shall not soil her name with your lips, sir! You shall torture her no longer. You have your dismissal. Take it and go!’

‘When she tells me with her own lips to go,’ Vaughan answered doggedly, ‘I will go. Not before!’ For never had she seemed more desirable to him. Never, though contempt of her weakness wrestled with his love, had he wanted her more. Except that seat in the House which had cost him so dearly, she was all that was left

to him. And it did not seem possible that she whom he had held in his arms, she who had confessed her love for him, with whom he had vowed to share his life and his success, his lot, good or bad—it did not seem possible that she could really believe this miserable, this incredible, this impossible thing of him! She could not. Or, if she could, he was indeed mistaken in her.

And Mary had not believed it of him, had she known him longer or better; had she known him as girls in the world know their lovers. But his wooing had been short, we know; and we know, too, the distrust of men in which she had been trained. He had taken her by storm, stooping to her from the height of his position, having on his side her poverty and loneliness, her inexperience and youth. Now all these things, and her ignorance of his world, weighed against him. Was it to be supposed, could it be credited, that he, who had come to her bearing her mother's commendation—ah, deadly fact!—knew nothing, though he was her kinsman? That he, who, after plain hesitation and avowed doubt, laid all at her feet as soon as her father was prepared to acknowledge her—was it to be believed that he still sought her in ignorance? That he, who had read her story in black and white with his own eyes, still knew nothing?

No, she could not believe it. But it was a bitter thing to know that he did not love her, that he had not loved her! That he had come to her for gain! She must speak if it were only to escape, only to save herself from—from collapse. She yearned for nothing so much as to be alone in her room.

‘Good-bye,’ she muttered, with averted eyes and pallid lips. ‘I—I forgive you. Good-bye.’

And she opened the door with groping fingers; and still looking away from him, lest she should give way, she went out.

He drew a deep breath as she passed the threshold; his eyes did not leave her. But he did not speak. Nor did Sir Robert Vermuyden until his daughter's step, light as thistledown that morning, and now uncertain and heavy, passed out of hearing, and—and at last a door closed on the floor above.

Then the elder man looked at the other. ‘Are you not going?’ he said with grim meaning. ‘You have robbed me of my borough—I give you joy of your cleverness. But you shall not rob me of my daughter!’

‘I wonder which you love the better!’ Vaughan snarled. And with that gibe he took his hat and went.

CHAPTER XXI.

A MEETING OF OLD FRIENDS.

It was September. The House elected in those first days of May was four months old, and already it had fulfilled the hopes of the country. Without a division it had decreed the first reading, and by a majority of one hundred and thirty-six the second reading of the People's Bill; that Bill by which the preceding House, slaying, had been slain. New members were beginning to lose the first gloss of their enthusiasm; the youngest no longer ogled the M.P. on their letters, nor franked for the mere joy of franking. But the Ministry still rode the flood-tide of favour, Lord Grey was still his country's pride, and Brougham a hero. It only remained to frighten the House of Lords, and in particular those plaguy out-of-date fellows, the Bishops, into passing the Bill; and the battle would be won,

The streets be paved with mutton pies,
Potatoes eat like pine!

And, in fine, every one would live happily ever afterwards.

To old Tories of the stamp of Sir Robert Vermuyden the outlook was wholly dark. But it is not often that public care clouds private joy; and had Eldon been Prime Minister, with Wetherell for his Chancellor, the grounds of Stapylton could hardly have worn a more smiling aspect than they presented on the fine day in early September, which Sir Robert had chosen for his daughter's first party. The abrupt addition of a well-grown girl to a family of one is a delicate process. It is apt to open the door to scandal. And a little out of respect to Mrs. Grundy, and more that she who was now the apple of his eye might not wear her wealth with a difference, nor lack anything of the mode, he had not hastened the occasion. A word had been dropped here and there—with care; the truth had been told to some, the prepossessions of others had been consulted. But at length the day was come on which she must stand by his side and receive the world of Wiltshire.

And she had so stood for more than an hour of this autumn afternoon; with such pride on his side as was fitting, and such blushes on hers as were fitting also. Now, the prime duty of reception over, and his company dispersed through the gardens, Sir Robert lingered with one or two of his intimates on the lawn before the house. In the hollow of the park hard by stood the

ample marquee in which his poorer neighbours were presently to feed; gossip had it that Sir Robert was already at work rebuilding his political influence. Near the tent 'hunt the slipper' and 'kiss in the ring' were in progress, and 'Monymusk' was being danced to the strains of the Chippinge church band; the shrill voices of the rustic youth proving that their shyness was wearing off. Within the gardens a famous band from Bath played the new-fashioned quadrilles, turn about with Moore's Irish Melodies; and a score of the fair, gorgeous as the dragon-flies which darted above the water, sauntered delicately up and down the sward, or, under the escort of gentlemen in tightly strapped white trousers and blue coats—or in Wellington frocks, the latest mode—appeared and again disappeared among the elms beside the Garden Pool. In the background the house, adorned and refurnished, winked with all its windows at the sunshine, gave forth from all its doors the sweet scent of flowers, throbbled to the very recesses of the haunted wing with small talk and light laughter, the tap of sandalled feet and the flirt of fans.

Sir Robert thanked his God as he looked upon it all. And five years younger in face, and more like the Duke than ever, he listened, almost purring with pleasure, to the praises of his new-found darling. The odds had been great that, with such a breeding, she had been coarse or sly, common or skittish. And she was none of these things; but fair as a flower, slender as Psyche, sweet-eyed as a woman, dainty and virginal as the buds of May. And withal gentle and kind and obedient—above all, obedient. He could not thank God enough, as he read in the eyes of young men and old women what they thought of her. And he was thanking Him, though in outward seeming he was attentive to an old friend's prattle, when his eyes fell on a carriage and four which, followed by two outriders, was sweeping past the marquee and breasting the gentle ascent to the house. All who were likely to arrive in such state, the Beauforts, Suffolks, Methuens, were come; the old Duke of Beaufort, indeed, and his daughter-in-law were gone again. So Sir Robert stared at the approaching carriage, wondering whom it might contain.

'They are the Bowood liveries,' said his friend, who had longer sight. 'I thought they had gone to town for the Coronation.'

Sir Robert also had been under that impression. Indeed, though he had invited the Lansdownes upon the principle—which even the heats attending the Reform Bill did not wholly

abrogate—that family friendships were above party, he had been glad to think that he would not see the spoliators. The trespass was too recent, the robbery too gross. Ay, and the times too serious.

Here they were, however, Lady Lansdowne, her daughter, and a small gentleman with a merry eye and curling locks. Sir Robert repressed a sigh and advanced four or five paces to meet them. But, though he sighed, no one knew better what became a host; and his greeting was perfect. One of his bitterest flings at Bowood painted it as the common haunt of fiddlers and poets, actors and the like. But he received her ladyship's escort—who was no other than Mr. Moore of Sloperton, and of the Irish Melodies—with the courtesy which he would have extended to an equal; nor when Lady Lansdowne dismissed her girl to tea under the poet's care did he let any sign of his reprobation appear. Those with whom he had been talking had withdrawn to leave him at liberty, and he found himself alone with Lady Lansdowne.

'We leave for Berkeley Square to-morrow, for the Coronation on the 8th,' she said, playing with her fan in a way which would have betrayed to her intimates that she was not quite at ease. 'I had many things to do this morning in view of our departure, and I could not start early. You must accept our apologies, Sir Robert.'

'It was gracious of your ladyship to come at all,' he said.

'It was brave,' she replied, with a gleam of laughter in her eyes. 'In fact, though I bear my lord's warmest felicitations on this happy event, and wreath them with my own, Sir Robert—'

'I thank your ladyship and Lord Lansdowne,' he said formally.

'I do not think I should have ventured,' she continued, with another glint of laughter, 'did I not bear also an olive-branch.'

He bowed, but waited in silence for her explanation.

'One of a—rather delicate nature,' she said. 'Am I permitted, Sir Robert, to—speak in confidence?'

He did not understand, and he sought refuge in compliments. 'Permitted?' he said, with the gallant bow of an old beau. 'All things are permitted to so much—'

'Hush!' she said. 'But there! I will take you at your word. You know that the Bill—there is but one Bill nowadays—is in Committee?'

He frowned, disliking the subject. 'I don't think,' he said, 'that any good can come of discussing it, Lady Lansdowne.'

'I think it may,' she replied, with a confidence which she did not feel, 'if you will hear me. It is whispered that there is a question in Committee of one of the doomed boroughs. One, I am told, Sir Robert, hangs between Schedule A and Schedule B; and that borough is Chippinge. Those who know whisper Lord Lansdowne that ultimately it will be plucked from the burning, and will be found in Schedule B. Consequently it will retain one member.'

Sir Robert's thin face turned a dull red. So the wicked Whigs, who had drawn the line of disfranchisement at such a point as to spare their pet preserves, their Calne and Bedford and the like, had not been able, with all their craft, to net every fish. One had evaded the mesh, and, by Heavens, it was Chippinge! Chippinge, though shorn of its full glory, would still return one member. He had not hoped, he had not expected that. Now

*Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam!*

he thought with jubilation. And then—another thought darted through his mind and changed his joy to chagrin. A seat had been left to Chippinge. But why? That Arthur Vaughan, the renegade, might continue to fill it, might continue to hold it, under his nose and to his daily, hourly, his constant mortification! By Heaven, it was too much! They had said well who said that an enemy's gift was to be dreaded. But he would fight the seat, at the next election and at every election, rather than suffer that miserable person, miserable on so many accounts, to fill it at his will. And after all the seat was saved; and no one could tell the future. The lasting gain might outlive the temporary vexation.

So, after frowning a moment, he tried to smoothe his brow. 'And your mission, Lady Lansdowne,' he said politely, 'is to tell me this?'

'In part,' she said, with a hesitation which she did not try to hide, for the course of his feelings had been visible in his countenance. 'But also——'

'But also, and in the main,' he answered with a smile, 'to make a proposition perhaps?'

'Yes.'

He thought of the most obvious proposition, and he spoke in pursuance of his thought. 'Then forgive me if I speak at once

and plainly,' he said. 'Whether the borough lose one member or both, whether it figure in Schedule B or in Schedule A, cannot affect my opposition to the Bill. If you have it in commission, therefore, to make any proposition based on a contrary notion, I cannot listen even to your ladyship.'

'I have not,' she answered with a smile. 'Sir Robert Vermuyden's malignancy is too well known. Yet I am the bearer of a proposition. Suppose the Bill to become law—and I am told that it will surely become law—can we not avoid future conflict, and—I will not say future ill-will, for God knows there is none on our side, Sir Robert—but future friction, by an agreement? Of course it will not be possible to nominate members in the future as in the past. But, for some time to come, whoever is returned for Chippinge must be returned by your influence, or by my lord's.'

He coughed dryly. 'Possibly,' he said.

'In view of that,' she continued, flirting her fan, as she watched his face—his manner was not encouraging—'and for the sake of peace between families, Sir Robert, and a little, perhaps, because I do not wish Kerry to be beggared by contested elections, can we not now, while the future is on the lap of the gods——'

'In Committee,' Sir Robert corrected with a grave bow.

She laughed pleasantly. 'Well,' she allowed, 'perhaps that is not quite the same thing. But no matter. Whoever the Fates in charge, can we not'—with her head on one side and a charming smile—'make a treaty of peace?'

'But if we do,' Sir Robert asked with urbane sarcasm, 'what becomes of the rights of the people, Lady Lansdowne? And of the purity of elections? And of the new and independent electors whom my lord has brought into being? Must we not think of these things?'

She looked for an instant rather foolish. Then she rallied, and with a slightly heightened colour, 'In good time, we must,' she replied. 'But for the present it is plain that they will not be able to walk without assistance.'

'What?' it was on the tip of his tongue to answer. 'The new and independent electors? Not walk without assistance? Oh, what a change is here!' But he forbore. He said instead, yet with the faintest shade of irony, 'Without *our* assistance, I think you mean, Lady Lansdowne?'

'Yes. And that being so, why should we not agree, his lordship

and you—to save Kerry's pocket, shall I say?—to bring forward a candidate alternately?’

Sir Robert shook his head. He would fight.

‘Allowing to you, Sir Robert, as the owner of the influence hitherto dominant in the borough, the first return.’

‘The first return—after the Bill passes?’

‘Yes.’

That was a different thing. That was another thing altogether. A gleam of satisfaction shone for an instant under the baronet's grizzled eyebrows. The object which he had now most at heart was to oust his treacherous cousin. And here was a method, sure and safe; more safe by far than any contest under the new Bill.

‘Well, I—I cannot say anything at this moment,’ he answered at last, trying to hide his satisfaction. ‘These heats once over, I do not see—your ladyship will pardon me—why my influence should not still predominate.’

It was Lady Lansdowne's turn. ‘And things be as before?’ she answered. ‘No, Sir Robert, no. You forget those rights of the people which you were so kind as to support a moment ago. Things will not be as before. But—but perhaps I shall hear from you? Of course it is not a matter that can be settled, as in old days, by our people.’

‘You shall certainly hear from me,’ he rejoined with something more than courtesy. ‘In the meantime—’

‘I am dying to see your daughter,’ she said. ‘I am told that she is as lovely as a picture. Where is she?’

‘A few minutes ago she was in the Elm Walk,’ Sir Robert answered, a faint flush betraying his gratification. ‘I will send for her.’

But her ladyship would not hear of that; nor would she suffer him to leave his post to escort her. ‘Here's la belle Suffolk coming to take leave of you,’ she said. ‘And I know my way.’

‘But you will not know her,’ Sir Robert answered eagerly.

Lady Lansdowne let her parasol sink over her shoulder. ‘I think I shall,’ she replied with a glance of meaning. ‘If she is like her mother.’

And without waiting to see the effect of her words she moved away.

It was said of old time of Juno that she walked a goddess confessed. And of Lady Lansdowne as she moved slowly across the

sunny lawn before the church, her dainty skirts trailing and her parasol inclined, it might with equal justice have been said that she walked a great lady, of that day when great ladies still were,

'Nor mill nor mart had mocked the guinea's stamp.'

Whether she smiled on this person or bowed to that, or with a slighter movement acknowledged the courtesy of those who, without claiming recognition, made respectful way for her, grace and nonchalant ease were in all her actions. The deeper emotions seemed as far from her as were Hodge and Joan playing kiss in the ring. But her last words to Sir Robert had reacted on herself; and as she crossed the rustic bridge she paused a moment to gaze on the water. The band was playing the air of 'She is far from the Land,' and tears rose to her eyes as she recalled the past, and pictured scene after scene, absurd or pathetic, in the career of the proud beauty who had once queened it here, whose mad pranks and madder sayings had once filled these shrubberies with mirth or chagrin, and whose child she was about to see.

She sighed, as she resumed her course, unable even now to blame Lady Sybil as her conduct to her child deserved. But where was the child? Not in the walk under the elms, which was deserted in favour of the more lively attractions of the park. Lady Lansdowne looked this way and that; at length, availing herself of the solitude, she paced the walk to its end, whence a short path which she well remembered led to the kennels. Rather to indulge her sentiment and recall the days when she herself was young, and had been intimate here, than because she expected to meet Mary, she took this path. She had not followed it a dozen steps, she was hesitating whether to go on or return, the strains of Moore's melody were scarcely blurred by the intervening laurels, when a tall, dark-robed figure stepped with startling abruptness from the shrubs and stood before her.

'Louisa,' said the stranger. And she raised her veil. 'Don't you know me?'

Lady Lansdowne caught her breath. 'Sybil!' she cried.

'Yes, Sybil!' the other answered curtly. And then, as if something in Lady Lansdowne's tone had wounded her, 'Why not?' she continued, raising her head proudly. 'My name came easily enough to your ladyship's lips once! And I have yet to learn that I have done anything to deprive me of

the right to call my friends by their names, be they who they may.'

'No! no! But——'

'But you meant it, Louisa!' the other retorted with energy. 'Or is it that you find me so changed, so old, so worn, so altered from her you once knew, that it astonishes you to trace in this face the features of Sybil Matching?'

'You are changed,' Lady Lansdowne answered, unable to remove her eyes. 'I fear that you have been ill.'

'I am ill,' she replied. 'I am more than ill, I am dying. Not here, nor to-day, nor to-morrow——'

Lady Lansdowne interrupted her. 'In that sense,' she said gently, 'we are all dying.' But, though she said it, the change in Lady Sybil's appearance shocked her, almost as much as her presence in that place amazed her.

'I have but three months to live,' Lady Sybil answered feverishly; and her sunken cheeks and bright eyes, which told of some hidden disease, confirmed her words. 'I am dying in that sense! In that sense, do you hear? But I dare say,' with a flash of her old levity, 'it is my presence here that alarms you? You are thinking what Vermuyden would say if he turned the corner behind you, and found us together!' And as Lady Lansdowne, with a nervous start, looked over her shoulder, she laughed with the old recklessness. 'I'd like—I'd like to see his face, my dear, and yours, too, if he found us. But there,' she continued, with an abrupt change to impassioned earnestness, 'it's not to see you that I came to-day! Don't think it! It's not to see you that I've been waiting for two hours past. I want to see my girl! I must see her, do you hear? I am going to see her. You must bring her to me!'

'Sybil!'

'Don't contradict me, Louisa,' she cried peremptorily. 'Haven't I told you that I am dying? Don't you hear what I say? Am I to die and not see my child? Cruel woman! Heartless creature! But you were always that! Cruel and cold as an icicle!'

'Indeed, I am not! And I think you should see her,' Lady Lansdowne replied—and replied in no small distress. How, indeed, could she fail to be distressed by the contrast between this woman, plainly and almost shabbily dressed, and with illness stamped on her face, and the brilliant harum-scarum Lady Sybil, with whom

her thoughts had been busy a few minutes before? 'I think you ought to see her,' she repeated, in a soothing tone. 'But you should take the proper steps to do so. You——'

'You think—yes, you do,' Lady Vermuyden retorted with fierce energy—'you think that I have treated her so ill that I have no right to see her, that I cannot care to see her! But you do not know how I was tried, how I was suspected, how I was watched. What wrongs I suffered, what misconstructions! And I never meant to hide her for good. When I died she would have come home. I had a plan too—but never mind that—to right her without Vermuyden's knowledge, and in his teeth. I saw her on a coach one day along with—— What is it?'

'There is some one coming,' Lady Lansdowne said hurriedly. Her ladyship, indeed, was in a state of great apprehension. She knew that at any moment she might be followed, perhaps by Sir Robert, and the thought of the scene which would follow, aware as she was of the exasperation of his feelings, appalled her. She tried to temporise. 'Another time,' she said. 'I think some one is coming now. See me another time, and I will do what I can.'

'No!' the other broke in, her face flushing with anger. 'See you, Louisa? What do I care for seeing you? It is my girl I wish to see, that I'm come to see, that I'm going to see! I'm her mother! I have a right to see her, and I will see her! I demand her, fetch her to me! If you do not go for her——'

'Sybil! Sybil!' Lady Lansdowne cried, thoroughly alarmed by her friend's violence, 'for Heaven's sake be calm!'

'Calm?' Lady Vermuyden answered. 'Do you cease to dictate to me, and do as I bid you! Go and fetch her, or I will go myself, and claim her there before all his friends. He has no heart; he never had a heart! It's sawdust,' with a hysterical laugh. 'But he has pride, and I will trample on it! I will tread it in the mud, if you don't fetch her! Are you going, Miss Gravity? We used to call you that, you remember. You were always,' with a sneer, 'a bit of a prude, my dear!'

Miss Gravity! What long-forgotten trifles, what thoughts of youth, the nick-name brought back to Lady Lansdowne's recollection. What wars of maidens' wits, and half-owned jealousies, and light resentments, and sunny days of pique and pleasure! Her heart, never anything but soft, waxed sore and pitiful. Yet—how

was she to do the other's bidding? How could she betray Sir Robert's confidence? How venture to interfere?

Some one was coming—really coming this time. She looked round.

'I give you five minutes,' Lady Sybil whispered. 'Five minutes, Louisa! Remember!'

And when Lady Lansdowne turned again to remonstrate with her, she had vanished among the laurels.

(To be continued.)

THE INCUBUS.

BY A. D. GODLEY.

ESSENCE of boredom ! stupefying Theme !

Whereon, with eloquence less deep than full,
Still maundering on in slow continuous stream

All can expatiate, and all be dull :

Bane of the mind and topic of debate

That drugs the reader to a restless doze,

Thou that with soul-annihilating weight

Crushest the Bard, and hypnotisest those

Who plod the placid path of plain pedestrian Prose :

Lo ! when each morn I carefully peruse

(Seeking some subject for my painful pen)

The *Times*, the *Standard*, and the *Daily News*,

No other topic floats into my ken

Save this alone : here Dr. Clifford slates

Dogmas in general : here the dreadful ban

Of furious Bishops excommunicates

Such simple creeds as Birrell, trustful man !

Hopes may perhaps appease th' unwilling Anglican.

Lo ! at Society's convivial board

(Whereat I do occasionally sit,

In hope to bear within my memory stored

Some echo thence of some one else's wit),

Or e'er the soup hath yielded to the fish,

A heavy dulness doth the banquet freeze :

Lucullus' self would shun th' untasted dish

When lovely Woman whispers, 'Tell me, please,

What *are* Denominational Facilities ?'

From scenes like these my Muse would fain withdraw :

To Taff's still Valley be my footsteps led,

Where happy Unions 'neath the shield of Law

Heave bricks bisected at the Blackleg's head :

In those calm shades my desultory oat

Of Taxed Land Values shall contented trill,

Or Man ennobled by a Single Vote :—

In short, I'll sing of anything you will,

Except of thee alone, O Education Bill !

THE MIND OF A DOG.

I AM often asked if my dog is intelligent and good, and I cannot say yes without qualification. Again I am often told, or I find it assumed, that he is intelligent and good, and I will not say no without qualification. It is the kind and limits of intelligence and virtue that matter. The case is the same as with literary style. The style that suits an essay is not good for a novel. The style that suits a book is not good for conversation; and Sir Walter, who understood dogs, knew that his own big bow-wow style, as he calls it, was not adapted to the delicate homeliness of the subjects which were chosen by Miss Austen. My dog is intelligent and good, as becomes a dog, more so than some dogs, and less so than others; but his mind is a dog's and not a man's, and it is better to be a whole dog than half a man. He is of about the same age as the infant child of a friend, and I have compared their growth. When they were both about eighteen months old the dog could do much more than the boy, but when I renewed my comparison at the age of five the dog had remained a child but the child had ceased to be a dog.

At the same time, while to me it is his differences from human beings that are most interesting, there is much to be learned from the likeness, and more particularly from the likeness to children. There is much truth in a rhyme which I remember from my childhood. You were asked what little boys were made of, and the answer was—rats, and snails, and puppy-dogs' tails. Of rats I shall have something to say later. As regards snails, I have no evidence that concerns their affinity to children, except that children are said like those animals to creep unwillingly to school. But undoubtedly the puppy-dog (for I assume that the poet when he spoke of the part intended the whole animal, by the figure of speech known as metonymy) enters into their composition. Though my dog has not the makings of my human friends I can trace him in them, and the description of his mind and of his education may throw some light on the growth of theirs.

The intellectual education of my dog, I may say at once, has been almost entirely technical. Literary training I have found

to be possible only in a very restricted form, although it is extremely significant. For the rest, he has been schooled in certain practical occupations, and has acquired a certain amount of what, on the analogy of manual training, I may call 'buccal' dexterity. If he could have used his paws in the way he has learnt to use his mouth he would have had hands, have watched them, and become reflective and human, and would perhaps have adopted permanently the upright attitude which he now adopts upon occasion. Neither in his linguistic nor in his technical education can I trace the growth of character which underlies such education amongst children and makes it liberal. Though in the course of these exercises he has acquired moral qualities, he has not acquired them through the exercises themselves, and accordingly his moral education may be considered apart from his intellectual education.

His education has been limited by the deficiency which makes the difference between him and a child. I may as well state at the beginning the general character of his mind. He has learned the golden virtue of self-control, or, in another form, obedience. But his actions are based on habit, and on a certain considerable inventiveness determined by desire. They are a kind of outgrowth of instinct, as, indeed, all well-based action must be, and it is of great interest to me to observe in his different actions just where they fall short of real instincts because they are artificial, and where they fall short of human action because they are essentially instinctive. Roughly speaking, what distinguishes him from children is that though he learns to do things he does not learn their meaning. He can take means to ends, but he does not know why he must take them. He does not analyse situations but takes them in as a whole. He knows the hang of things but does not know why they hang together. The young Clerk Maxwell used to ask of any toy or machine or other object which interested him, 'What is the go of it?' Now my dog learns how certain things go, but he does not learn the go of them, and, therefore, though he has inventiveness he has never become an inventor. He may be, though I doubt it, a Clerk Maxwell amongst dogs, but he is certainly a dog amongst Clerk Maxwells. His virtues, even his obedience, are limited by the same defect. He has not learned the reason of them, and so he is never safe against the temptations which he has not forgotten.

His use of language is limited, but it is most instructive. He has acquired a reasonable vocabulary of some dozen or more

words and phrases—bone, cat, boots, slipper, stick, dinner, postman, brush (his own brush), come out, bed, paw, good dog, and bad dog. They are signals to actions, and are unaffected by qualifications. 'Bone' and 'no bone' mean the same thing to him when the word bone is pronounced with identical intonation. When some one has said 'cat' in his hearing he is not reassured by being told that there is no cat until he has been to see for himself. Each word pulls a trigger in him and discharges an action. He has not arrived at the stage of considering the word and its meaning for its own sake. His condition of mind is much like that of an admiral who should fire when he hears the word torpedo-boat. To speak strictly, his words are not language at all, though they serve the same purpose. In some cases it is not the word he acts upon but a corresponding intonation or gesture. Thus, unlike a much-regretted dog of a friend of mine, I have never been able to teach him to discriminate the gift of a biscuit from a Manchester man as distinct from a man of some other city. I have to alter the tone of my voice when I name Manchester. Similarly, if he is to take the biscuit when I count three, he watches for the change of tone, and if three is said in the same tone as one and two he will not act. But I am more concerned to describe the different effects of different words. Some of them, like bone or cat, or good or bad, produce an emotion, an attitude of excitement, and to some he responds by a vocal difference—the cat-emotion produces a whining bark, the bone-emotion a bark of joyful excitement, to 'postman' he responds by the mixture of ferocity and kindly welcome with which he usually greets a stranger. Such actions are closely allied to instincts, because of the excitement of desire from which they proceed. Other words excite actions by the simple process of the association of the word with the action, and betray little emotional excitement. Now, when the word fails to excite an emotion the act is likely to become hesitating. He sometimes forgets what the word means, or, in stricter language, he has lost his signal code. He often, therefore, gives the impression of stupidity when, in reality, he is perhaps languid or disinclined, or has simply forgotten. Under these circumstances frequent repetition of the word may be necessary before the impression becomes vivid enough to discharge the action. When I tell him to bring my boots he may go to the door and then look round with inquiring eyes until the word has been repeated several times impressively, when he goes off with a look of satisfaction.

A person unused to my dog might suppose he had failed to understand the order and was waiting until he understood. The truth is merely that the trigger that day has got a harder pull. On the other hand, when he is in good spirits and ready to play, the order 'boots' will send him off at once with quick elated step and wagging tail.

The meanings of words are one sort of habit and are acquired as those habits are acquired—by association. Of his other habits I give as an example his training to domestic service. He had been taught as a young puppy to fetch and carry sticks and balls. Much patience on my part, helped by moral persuasion, evoked in him a secondary instinct, a liking for carrying things in his mouth which, in later life, has become an absorbing passion. He learned to bring things, like boots, from the ground floor to my study. My housekeeper gave him the articles, and on her giving a signal to me I called him. In a few repetitions he learned to bring me not only my boots, but cards telling me that my meals were ready, and sometimes, though not so easily, he would take cards from me asking for coals or tea. In the early stages of this process he had been sent down with a card, but on the way, hearing the postman's knock, he dropped the card and rushed for the letter and brought it back to me. He soon learned when he was in my company, and was ordered by words to that effect, to go downstairs and find the boots and bring them up to me when they are ready, or bark for them if they are not; and when I tell him to see if dinner is ready he will generally go down, especially if he is hungry himself, and bring up the card. It is not the usefulness of these actions or their endearing character for the sake of which I describe them, but rather the fluctuations to which, like his intelligence of words, they are subject. In themselves they are mere associations (to use a loose term) in virtue of which the object suggests the action required. As such they are repeated with automatic monotony even when the circumstances are unsuitable. When I am in the house anything which the dog is given or seizes he is apt to bring up to me, and he is not so easily persuaded to take things from me and give them to another person. I frequently take him with me to College, when I am usually provided with a bag and sometimes ride on my bicycle. He does not like being taken to College because he is left alone, and the sight of the bag and the bicycle is often enough to drive him to bed. When I was in Wensleydale, in Yorkshire, amid

surroundings as unlike those of Manchester as possible, and had occasion to carry some books in my bag to a friend three or four miles away, my dog, who was accustomed to do this journey with me almost every day, as soon as he saw the bag declined to go. Moreover, not only are his actions repeated monotonously even on unsuitable occasions, but they are repeated in an identical form. Like a child when a story is told with some variation, my dog is disconcerted if he does not find the boots in much the same place as usual, and sometimes not searching for them comes back unhappy. On the other hand, again like a child in its use of language, he will extend actions which he has learnt in one connection to circumstances which are similar. He first practised begging for food, but he soon began to beg for anything that he wanted and that he could take into his mouth. When I am throwing a stick for him in a field and give up the game from fatigue, he will sit up in the field and beg for the stick to be thrown. As I have already explained in respect of words, these habitual actions have something of the nature of artificial instincts, and share with instincts their mechanical character; but they are, in some respects, less than instincts, for an instinct depends upon some inherited preformation which is accompanied by desire, and because of this, as we shall presently see, the instinct may become inventive. Hence it is that these mere habits, unless they light up a passion in my dog's mind, are liable to failure. When he is in poor spirits he will not, as the children say, play, and he is subject to intervals of what looks like stupidity, which, like children to the discomfiture of their parents, he will take occasion to display to my discomfiture in the presence of visitors. It is only in the case of actions like fetching sticks or playing cricket with a slipper, where he has an acquired passion, that he can always be counted on for response. With him, as perhaps with children, the things to be learnt have to proceed from their liking, or else fresh likings have to be created.

His acquired dexterities are the best illustration of the inventiveness of instinct, while at the same time they indicate where inventive instinct falls short of rational action. He is skilful in getting a walking-stick through a narrow opening in a wall, or a railing. An observer, seeing him push the stick along with his teeth till he gets it at the crook and then draw it through the hedge, might attribute the act to reflection, and say, what an observer of Principal Lloyd Morgan's dog said on a similar occasion,

'Clever dog that, sir; he knows where the hitch do lie.' Now this is precisely what my dog (and Mr. Lloyd Morgan's dog also) does not know. When he feels the hitch he knows how to get rid of it, but he does not understand it. I put him, in imitation of Mr. Morgan's experiment, behind some railings. The dog ran at them holding the stick by the middle, and did this more than once. Then, in the excitement of his desire to get through and join me he began to seize the stick at random, and seizing it near the crook he was able to bring it through. When I repeated the experiment he was clever enough to seize the stick, after a very few trials, at the right place, and I imagine that it is the rate at which the lesson is learned that makes the difference between one dog and another. Even now, when he has become expert, he first runs at the narrow opening holding the stick by the middle, and then when he has failed, he skilfully, and without further waiting, shifts his teeth to the right place. He learnt thus how to do the action by trying repeatedly at random and failing, until success crowned his desire, and he remembered the method of success. Compare his action with the same action as done rationally by a man. In a strict sense the dog does not how know to do the action because he has not analysed it into its means. His means are not deliberate means taken to secure an end, but they are a lucky device struck out by the urgency of desire. He has learned how it goes, but not the go of it.

My dog confirms many experiments that have recently been made. Mr. Thorndike put famishing cats into crates in which a door could be opened by sundry means, uplifting a latch, pulling a bolt, pressing a lever, singly or in combination. Outside the crate was a tempting piece of fish. The cat, in its hunger, scratched and tore at the door, and in this process it touched the latch or pulled the bolt and the door opened. This process took a long time. When the experiment was repeated the successful movement had been imprinted on the cat's mind, and the time it took to perform the action had been reduced considerably, say from three minutes to thirty seconds. Rats (I promised to mention them) exhibited to another American observer, Mr. Small, the same results. A hole was made in the wooden floor of a cage with wire walls, and a piece of cheese put by the hole. The cage was set on a mound of sawdust. The rat, in its desire to get to the cheese, burrowed through the sawdust, and after much vain effort reached the cheese. The next time it went more directly

to the hole, and the time was reduced from one hour and thirty minutes to a few minutes.

Like these rats and cats my dog invents to satisfy his instinct, but like them he does not apparently stop to form to himself an idea as to how he is to achieve his end, and so he stops short even of a child's invention. Watch a baby trying to grasp. At first it behaves like my dog. It tries to grasp and misses its foot or the glittering toy. Then, under the urgency of desire, it tries again. If the glittering toy is not the moon, it succeeds, and so far it is like my dog. But later it can go farther, for it may begin to compare its unsuccessful efforts with the desired result, not merely feel like my dog its failure; and it may also imitate its elders. After a certain age it begins to compare its drawing with the model. I say after a certain age, because at first it draws without attention to the model, puts two eyes in a profile not because it sees them in the model, for it does not look, but because it knows that a face has two eyes. But when this age is past the child notes the departure of its drawing from the original and seeks to remedy the error; or observing the actions of its elders watches the movement and tries to imitate the several parts of their movement. It has begun to learn not merely how things go, but the go of them. We begin with the method of my dog, but we go farther. Sometimes, indeed, we return to it: an unskilled dancer may watch the movements of a new step, and for all his rationality may be unable to repeat them, and perhaps only succeeds when a self-sacrificing partner has carried him through the steps.

My dog's actions, when they proceed from passion like his love for my stick, are plastic and inventive, and varied to suit circumstances, but they do not proceed from reflective ideas. They are intelligent, to use one of Mr. Morgan's words, but not rational. Give him reflection and he would cease to be my dog. But also let a child have no basis of motive or liking on which to work: how much will his reflection do for him?

I am far from saying that my dog has no ideas and does not act upon them. On the contrary, I easily observe in him both memory and imagination. I do not indeed know that he sees pictures when he dreams. I do not happen to have found him growling at his visions, but he can certainly retain ideas in his mind. His brush is kept in a corner of my study, and when he is there he will get it when ordered. But sometimes he will fetch it from the ground floor. He has not been taught to do this, and

it always takes a little time to impress the order upon his mind ; but he will at times do it, and this suggests that he must keep the idea of the brush vividly before his mind. But I question whether his idea serves any purpose except to keep alive in his mind the signal which is given him. Again, he exhibits spontaneity of action. He brings the slipper to be played cricket with, and his chief demonstration of good will to a visitor is to bring him the slipper and deposit it on his knees and ask for it to be thrown. The game goes in his mind with the joyful excitement, and it is difficult to say how far he forms a regular idea of bringing the slipper. Other cases, however, are clearer in which he appears to be visited by happy thoughts. For a long time he had not seen my former housekeeper, to whom he is much attached. As I shall more than once refer to her I shall speak of her by name, but, with the respect due from a biographer towards a living person, by a fictitious name. When she came to live five minutes away from my house he was taken several times to see her. Not long after, the happy thought occurred to him after breakfast to pay her a visit ; and though it may merely have been induced by a vague feeling of discomfort, of wanting something, and even of wanting Jane (he may have felt the Jane-emotion), or possibly the road before him happened to suggest to him the road he had been taken, still, he may have remembered her, and that image may have acted as a signal to him to take the road. Like his other thoughts it tended to become automatic. The happy thought was repeated for a week, and he left my house after breakfast and returned in the evening, an action of much psychological significance, to dine and sleep.

But such passing images which take the place of sensory excitements are a long way from reflection upon means to ends. Experiments by Mr. Thorndike, which are not indeed entirely above criticism, have tended to show that hungry cats, when they see other cats in front of them get out of the cages which I have described, do not do the same actions any the better for the example. On the other hand, a number of ingenious experiments were made by Mr. L. T. Hobhouse which he thought proved that even dogs and cats could act upon a kind of forethought of means to ends when the way was shown them. My own observation of my dog was not favourable to this interpretation. Imitating one of Mr. Hobhouse's experiments I chained my dog to a table and, placing a biscuit before him on the floor in the crook of a stick, showed

him how by pulling the stick in he could get the biscuit. The dog pulled the stick. The floor, however, was uneven, and turned the stick over so that the crook ceased to hold the biscuit, but the dog went on pulling at the stick. I do not, however, think this single experiment at all decisive. But one incident occurred which left upon me a lively impression of how a dog may possibly make a discovery in a way which seems to imply thought, but does not. My house stands in a row, and there are green plots in front with a low wall to the street and a rail above it. Coming home one day I shut the gate, and the dog, who was then a puppy, could not jump the rail. He tried at the rail several times, and then, backing a little on the pavement, looked up and down the street as if he were thinking how to get in. Then he was aware of a gate open at the end of the row, and with a sudden look of intelligence ran to it and reached his home. Such action was a little farther advanced than mere scrabbling with a stick to get it through a hedge, but it was less than thinking. He was filled with desire, and he saw how he could accomplish it. The road through the gate was not a means by which he recognised that he could secure his end, but it was part of the total situation. This is what I meant when I said that he could take in a whole but could not analyse. His action was little more than noticing that one particular gate would admit him. And I think it possible that in Mr. Hobhouse's experiments the explanation may be something of the same kind, if indeed this is not the meaning of the author himself.

Other actions which would seem to imply a train of reflection are capable of simpler explanation. My dog, as I have said, dislikes going to the College because he is left alone there, and though he is not tied up he feels tied up. He particularly objects to following me there on a bicycle. This dislike has grown upon him with years, and on several occasions lately he has lingered behind and given me the slip, as if deliberately. But the fact is, he was unwilling and lagged behind. Now he has not very long sight, and when he missed me he may have gone home in the ordinary course, or, not noticing me, he may have yielded to the idea of going home, which had been suggested by his unwillingness to come with me. He may, as we inaccurately say, have thought it a good opportunity for getting home without having any intention to trick me. He often comes up from his own bed to sleep in my study, and chooses an arm-chair. There is a deep cane chair in the

room with a soft cushion against the padded back. Lately my sister has discovered that he makes a nest for himself in this chair by dragging down the cushion and sleeping between it and the back of the chair. This suggests much cunning, but I do not know the history of this invention, and as he does not come to spend the night in the study till I have gone to bed, I shall never know. He may one night have found the cushion partly down, and lying on it, may have turned it still further over and discovered the luxury of a padded hole. Or the explanation may lie farther back. I used to spread a newspaper on the chair because he does not like to sleep on one. But sometimes he was found lying on the cushion which he had pulled over on to the paper. He may thus have first discovered the method of pulling down the cushion to avoid the paper, and then advanced from this discovery (even when there was no paper) to that of the still warmer and delicious bed.

His intellectual exercises, as I have said, do not seem to me to have left any marked trace upon his character. He succeeded in them from the force of his own desire and persistence. They did not teach him the perseverance or attention or industry which should lead him to learn fresh dexterities. His whole moral education consisted in the lesson of obedience or self-control, and his dexterities (for I hate to call them tricks) depended upon his having learned this lesson, and they fortified it. But his morality is limited like his intellect, and even more so. It is an affair of artificial habit built up on instinct. It was acquired soon, for he came to me at four months of age, and Jane, and in a less degree I myself, supplied for him the place of mother and family. Counting upon his attachment, I could guide him by insistence upon my will, and I used the method of reward more sparingly than that of punishment. He learned to beg without the reward of food, but he only learned to carry after several whippings, more perhaps than I should use with a second dog. In teaching him to give up undesirable habits like uncleanness and stealing, I found that mere displeasure had little effect, and I was compelled to whip him soundly. And here I remark, parenthetically, a trait of *human* nature. Parents and teachers sometimes tell their children that it gives them more pain to whip the child than the child feels, but though I disliked having to whip my dog, when I had begun whipping him and my blood was up, I liked it. Do I betray a latent vein of cruelty in myself, or discover to my friends a trait in themselves which they have not suspected? I could not leave him to the discipline of conse-

quences, as it is taught by Rousseau and Mr. Herbert Spencer. For he was generally clever enough to avoid dangers; he did not put his paw into the fire and discover that fire burns, but drew back at once from a live coal. And the consequences of his other actions were too pleasant for any little inconveniences attending them to count. When as a puppy he stole from the larder half a pound of steak and ate it, though he was gorged he would probably have been content to repeat the offence at the cost of such pleasing pain. Accordingly I could not leave him to be disciplined by such consequences, and for such serious offences I whipped him, and various educationalists have advised that in offences of equal seriousness a child may also advantageously be whipped. At any rate, by much correction my dog learned good habits, through the association of certain desires with punishment and, in a less degree, with reward. He does not steal food except from the ash-boxes. He has acquired patience, and will not take a biscuit till he has received permission, and as his patience varies with his hunger, I use the time he takes to bark for the biscuit as a scientific measure of his appetite. But I cannot call his virtues moral; they are mere habits, and he has not learned the reason for them. He knows that certain things bring rewards and others punishment. He does not fear my disapproval, but the whipping or the discomfort which black looks from me cause him. Moral education depends on exciting sympathy with the likes and dislikes of others, and punishment in the case of a child makes him feel that a parent does not like stealing or dirtiness, and it is sometimes the only way of making him feel this. But just as my dog cannot understand why means should be taken to certain ends, neither can he understand my reasons for punishing him. He only knows that he will be punished. Hence his conscience is purely naive and instinctive. When he obeys a rule he feels pleased, and when he violates one he feels uneasy. Both the pleasure and the uneasiness are acquired, and they bear the mark of their origin. His sense of virtue is the presentiment of a kindly pat. His sense of guilt is the presentiment of a whipping. And, unlike a man, who may deliberately conceal an offence or deliberately confess it, my dog neither conceals nor confesses, but betrays it. I should never know of his offence of going to the ash-boxes if he did not come home with a grin on one side of his face which usually means deprecation. Accordingly he fails to distinguish between guilt and any accident for which he is blameless, like a primitive savage

who counts a misfortune a crime. When he has been sick he is ashamed. He even confuses mere discomfort with guilt. If he has been left alone at College he sometimes grins at me when I return as if he had offended. His penitence is not the recognition that he has done wrong, but the desire to be relieved of the discomfort of my reproof. When he is whipped he goes to bed, though this whipping is rarely inflicted now because he offends less often and it hurts his feelings more. But when he was younger he would retire to bed sometimes angry, sometimes sulky, always unhappy. After a varying period of two or three hours he would come to make friends. Either he came of himself or I would call him. Sometimes he could not bear the estrangement any longer, and sometimes I could not. For I was sometimes sorry for him, and he was always sorry for himself. And then, in a figure, we kissed again with tears. Neither of us repented, for I had no need to repent and he could not; but he was happy again, and the deterrent from evil had sunk deeper into his habits. His obedience then has become semi-instinctive, and it never has been rational. Like his other artificial instincts it is subject to failure. There are some natural temptations, like the insupportable enchantment of the refuse-boxes, which he still cannot resist; and when he is disinclined and lazy he only obeys upon authority. When he does not want to come with me to College he offers a stubborn resistance and only yields to imperative orders. Then, when he recognises that my mind is made up, he comes of his own free will. I do not wish to introduce the problem of free-will into this biography or to balance the claims of determinism and indeterminism; but I am sure that when under these circumstances my dog comes of his own free will it is because he recognises that he must.

When I mentioned to the friend with whose child I have lightly compared my dog that I was going to state my view of my dog, he told me that I had much better state my dog's view of me. It is difficult to do, but I will try. It is sometimes said that a man is a god to his dog. This may be true in the case of Jane, who deserves it, but I almost hope it is not so in my case, for if it were so he has so often brought me my boots that he must long ago have discovered that the feet which wear them are of clay. Yet there is some little foundation for this very metaphorical statement. He finds me mysterious and arbitrary, and while I provide him with food and the pleasure of exercise and company in games, I am, he must think, a creature of moods, and if I cause him pleasure

I also cause him pain, and he has perforce to be content. In this respect he feels as any child may feel to a father, or as any man may feel to a person he does not understand. And the changes which psychologists like Mr. J. M. Baldwin describe in the growth of a child's consciousness of its personality have their analogue in my dog. A child learns to understand its father or nurse by doing the things which they do ; and by imitating its equals, its brothers and sisters, it finds it can master some of them and must yield to others, and so it comes to be aware that it and other human beings are all alike persons, some to be obeyed and some to command. Mysterious as I am, no doubt, to my dog, he learns that he can put his desires against mine, and that in certain respects he can master me, while in others he obeys. He finds me to yield to his imperative requests to go out or for the stick, and that I adapt the pace of my bicycle to his pace. I taught him instead of bringing the stick back and dropping it at my feet, in which case I had to stoop to pick it up, to put his paws up and give the stick into my hands, and now he will only give up the stick willingly when asked to do this. But even then the stick has to be taken from him in a certain way, and he has a rule about it which must be observed. I call it, after the trial scene in *Alice*, Rule No. 43, and I cannot discover what it is, and I am not sure that it does not change each time. He has so far, however, learned to measure me, and therefore also himself. But the process is far removed from that sympathetic insight into one another which is possible to human beings who can form ideas and reflect upon them. My dog learns by tact how far he can go with me ; otherwise I am a mysterious force which he must obey. I am more to him than other dogs with whom he can fight. I am more perhaps even than a superior dog ; perhaps if he could he would describe me as a human dog. But he does not treat me as a person, for he does not know himself as one. I am, I suppose, to him a feeling animal with strange unaccountable flashes of some unintelligible and compulsive energy to which he submits. His sympathy is equally limited. It is a community of feeling and not of imagination, and it arises from attachment, and is modified by habit and custom. Accordingly it varies from one person to another. To me his attitude is one of constant and reasonable affection varied only by occasional displays of transport. And as his memory is short he sometimes exhibits more joy when he sees me again after an absence of twenty-four hours than he does when I have been away for weeks. But

to Jane his attitude is one of passionate devotion. In her society he enjoys that combination of rapture with short intervals of contentment (I borrow the distinction from Goldsmith) which I take to be the meaning of bliss. When he was a puppy she fed him and nursed him when he was ill, and when he misbehaved she reported him to me and left me to whip him. I do not say this to depreciate her real and essential claims upon his affection, but rather to show in what way the natural basis of affection may be varied by circumstances and the qualities of his companion. But in a strict sense he does not sympathise with her or with me. To me, as I have said, he is undemonstrative, and he rarely licks me. When he used to bring up my letters to me in the morning he jumped upon my bed, dropped the letters in front of me, put his nose into my face to smell my identity, and then curled himself up at the end of my bed. I have never observed that he behaves any differently to me when I am well and when I fancy that I look ill. Perhaps the reason is that I only fancy that I look ill. But when he came home dripping blood from a hole in his neck which had been apparently torn by a spike, he came and licked my hand. His sympathy is not one of imagination, but of instinct refined by intercourse, and I should be very ungrateful if I did not here record the perpetual little manifestations of loving-kindness which arise on his part from this *rapprochement* between himself and me. I am, I suppose, a kind of support or background to him. I am a part of himself, or rather of the atmosphere in which he lives, and sometimes there is thunder and lightning in it. He has not quite so independent a character as some other dogs, and I verily believe that when he is away with me from Jane or my family, and I leave him alone, the sun of his day is for a time extinguished quite. We cannot remember our early babyhood, but I imagine he is in somewhat the same position as a baby to a mother, modified, however, by all those developed activities of companionship in games and exercise of which a baby has not yet had experience. Or perhaps a better analogy can be found in the attitude of a man living in a country governed by custom to whom the custom is his air with which he feels himself one; who obeys the chieftain as the interpreter of that custom, however arbitrary the interpretation, and for whom to have broken the tradition is a source of discomfort as acute as it is to one of ourselves to break through a convention of fashion.

I have written a biography, and I have omitted the first duty

of a biographer. I have not mentioned the date of my dog's birth, I have not mentioned his breed, nor even his name. I have thought these things less important than his mind. His breed would be a more important matter if I had been able to describe the early growth of his instincts, as Mr. Wesley Mills has done in the case of certain dogs and cats, or to compare their growth with the growth of instincts which Miss Shinn has traced so faithfully in her little niece. But he did not become my dog until he was four months old. He is an Irish terrier and of distinguished origin, though he does not outwardly do credit to it. His good breeding may in part explain why in certain respects he is perhaps less clever than some other dogs. Mr. Mills found that a mongrel pup, when it was put with other dogs, developed very rapidly as compared with well-bred pups. There are other features of my dog, like his early delicacy, which if I had been giving a fuller life of him, might have been mentioned as accounting in part for a certain want of independence and for an extreme gentleness of disposition which he has. His gentleness and sweet temper are persistent, in spite of his readiness, like other dogs of his breed, to fight, and in spite of the fear which his affection for them inspires sometimes in the breasts of children; a characteristic which has been touched in the course of some Latin verses by my former colleague Mr. A. E. Taylor, addressed to Hobbes, from which I must give myself the pleasure of quoting:

Floreat et Griffius (for that is the Latinized version
of his name),
Acer ille canis,
Omnibus philosophis
Carus, at puellulis
Timor suburbanis

—dear to all lovers of wisdom, but to little girls in the suburbs, *timor*: how delicately the word is chosen to describe the character of my dog; not *terror*, a terror to little girls in the suburbs, but *timor*, a source of apprehension. But the more civilised traits of his character have arisen, doubtless, in much larger degree from his constant, perhaps too constant, association with human beings like Jane and myself.

I may have appeared to some readers to take a delight in minimising his qualities. I can only protest that I have tried to deliver the truth without exaggeration, and it is no easy task. For if it is difficult to tell the truth about one's own mind, it

is also difficult to tell the truth about the mind of one's dog. But I repeat that the limitations of my dog, which make him less than a child, but leave him a dog, do not lessen my regard for him, but rather increase it. After all, if we did not know that our children act as they do because they know no better, should we, for all their endearing qualities, even tolerate them? We like them because they are children, and not because they will be men. When we learn that their apparent mendacity is imaginativeness, their apparent selfishness instinctive appetite, their apparent cruelty inexperience of pain, and their apparent stupidity adenoids, we find them adorable. So is my dog.

S. ALEXANDER.

A SCEPTIC OF THE STONE AGE.

It was a day of wind and grey cloud. Therefore we were to picnic on the mountains. Over the dull green lower slopes, driven on by the thrusts of that mighty wind, we went, Celia's mother and Celia and Douglas, who is a small boy with a diabolical skill at croquet, and I. And it was peculiarly good to be alive. From each valley and dell, in a hundred mingled tones, came the masterful music of the wind. Grey cloud kissed grey mountain-top and whirled away. The new swift air set the blood a-thrill, and passion, and fancy, and thought. . . . But I went straight. I profess it was I who went straight, and Douglas and Celia and Celia's mother—she is really the youngest of all—who went roaming away in a youthful manner to nowhere.

After a while I perceived my solitude. But I had no anxiety it was I who carried the lunch.

I sat down on the crest of the hill above the Meini Hirion, those circles of grey scarred stone reared by one of the first-born races of men to gods who died long ago. Those barren gods are dead, but not the men who made them; for man lives in his children from age to age. Each time there come climbing up from the Gwddw Glâs, the green gorge where Penmaenmawr visitors swarm, any people black-haired, black-eyed, small of limb and long of skull, the stones of the Meini Hirion see again some of those who set them there for worship, some of that nameless race of men who polished their stone axes in Britain two thousand years before Saxon or Celt began to be. . . .

I sat on the crest of the hill and looked through the grey light of a cloud-strewn sky down on the broken circles. Here and there the unhewn stones took strange forms . . . shapes of beasts . . . a tiger crouching. . . .

I turned seaward. The tide was at full ebb and the sands lay bare far out. Sand and sea in the grey light were lustreless, both alike of one dull tint. It seemed all level land away out to seaward across the mouth of the straits, all land under the bluff mass of the Orme, all land away to the blackness of the deep water, all land up

to the ten-fathom line . . . so it was when the little people built the stone circles four thousand years ago.

Four thousand years ago Daroo sat on the hill above the circles looking wistfully at the tiger stone. Daroo was in much trouble. She sat huddled together, and all about her her black hair fell. The cream of arms and slight shoulders quivered through the gloom of it. Her little hands were twisting her necklace so that the bears' teeth bit into her flesh, and beneath the beaver skin her bosom trembled. She yearned with all her heart to fall down before the tiger stone and pray to it. But that was forbidden. For she was a woman.

Only a man dare pray to the gods. Women might work the lesser magic. But the lesser magic that heals sickness and the pains of women could not serve Daroo now. She wanted the help of Mun, the tiger with the long curved teeth, the greatest god of all. Three gods the little people had then—Ur the aurochs, and Nar the cave bear, and Mun the tiger. To each they reared a circle of stones, but Mun's circle was twofold, and in his was the hut of the chief. At the beginnings of things, you know, aurochs and cave bear and tiger begat each men and women, and the children of each held their father in honour, and so there came to be three clans of the little people. From generation to generation all those of one clan were held brothers and sisters; for so the wild beast gods thought them. Brothers and sisters, though no drop of kindred blood ran in their veins; the gods would have it so. Thus ever the gods forbade that a maid should be wed to a man of her own clan. And that was the trouble of Daroo.

Daroo had found, like all happy women, the most wonderful man in the world. His name was Balaw. Balaw had found that the woman he needed to fulfil his life was called Daroo. But Daroo and Balaw, though nothing akin, were both of the aurochs clan, and the gods forbade their desires.

Balaw—Daroo was often a little afraid of Balaw—had bidden her come to his hut boldly and scorn mortal men and gods. But Daroo was much afraid of the gods and more afraid of mortal women. She could not guess how the gods might punish her; how the women would she knew well. They would talk of her as they talked of Panoo, who let herself be wed without fighting her bridegroom, without giving him one bruise. There would be dry thistle spines in her furs and yew juice in her cooking-pot, so that

Balaw would hate her for a stupid woman who made him a bad bed and bad food. Her first-born would die, like Panoo's, by the women's magic, and then perhaps Balaw would kill her, as Panoo was killed by her husband.

So, though Balaw's hard arm had been about her and Balaw's voice rang in those half-laughing, half-tender tones she loved when he bade her come to him and fear nothing, Daroo was much afraid, and started out of his arm, and fled lest he should kiss her till she had no will to refuse. Balaw was on his feet in a moment and after her. The swiftest hunter in the tribe, he would have caught her soon; but they came upon Sataw of the tiger clan—Sataw, the chief of the tribe, and Balaw checked for shame. Even Balaw, who feared nothing, would not let himself be seen with a woman. The little people thought that unmanly.

Daroo saw no help for herself. The gods forbade her to be happy, and none could turn the gods. Least of all a woman, whom the gods would punish if she prayed to them . . . those almighty gods. . . . Daroo in her impotent sorrow looked wistfully at the tiger stone . . . wistfully and long. . . . Out of his hut in that double circle sacred to Mun the tiger, the greatest god, came the chief Sataw. Daroo fled away lest he should see her so near the stones of the gods.

Sataw, a grim bony figure of a man, built a pile of wood, thorn and oak, in the midst of the double circle, and he took two twigs of ash and rubbed them together till the spark came, and caught it on dry oak leaves, and set his pile ablaze. A column of smoke smirched the air. Then Sataw took a hollow auroch's horn and sounded it—thrice to the east, thrice to the west. So the great council of the tribe was summoned.

From their huts in the valley below the men of the little people came thronging, shaggy folk, black-haired, black-bearded, and swarthy. Outside the circle they squatted silent, waiting; but Sataw sat in the midst feeding the fire. Among the last, leisurely, came Balaw, a man of sturdier limb than the rest, for he was the greatest hunter and never lacked a meal. He was picking out a pattern on an unbaked bowl as he came, and squatting down with the rest, he went on with his work, the only man of them all not idle.

Sataw rose up from his fire and stood more than five feet high, majestic in grey wolf skin and triple necklace of topaz and amethyst and cornelian. He bowed himself thrice before the tiger stone. Then he looked all round. 'Children of Mun, children of Ur,

children of Nar,' he cried, 'are ye all gathered?' and the little people answered: 'We are gathered, O Sataw.' 'Children of Mun, children of Ur, children of Nar, hear the words of Mun'—and the little people bowed themselves—'by the mouth of Sataw the chief. There is vileness among you. Ye are unclean. Ye have among you a man who consorts with a woman of his own clan.'

Then, after a moment of silent horror, the little people roared, 'Let him die! Let him die on the stone! Death! Death!' But Balaw went on marking the pattern of his bowl.

'Hear the words of Mun by the mouth of Sataw the chief. Yesternight in the gloaming below the circle of Nar there was a man of you held a woman of his own clan. She fled from him, but still he sought her. And the name of that man—'

'—is Balaw!' Balaw stood up stalwart, full five feet and a half. 'Hear now the words of Balaw. I have found a woman to my mind. I take her. The rest is child's talk. I do no man wrong. Let no man wrong me.'

But the little people stared at him aghast.

'Are ye not both children of Ur?' cried Sataw.

'As much as thou art a tiger's son,' Balaw sneered. 'Hearken, all; I take what woman I will to wife, and live my life with her. So let each man do and find happiness.'

Sataw stuttered for words. 'The gods,' he screamed at last; 'he outrages the gods!'

Balaw turned upon him. 'Bah, your gods! *Ptu!*' he said.

Now *ptu* are the yew berries which work havoc with your entrails if you eat them. So you cannot call men a worse name than *ptu*; and for the gods—

In utter amaze and horror all the little people were silent. Sataw found voice first. 'To the stone with him,' he screamed, and then the little people started up crying, 'The stone! Death! Death!'

But Balaw shouted again, '*Ptu!*' and smote down those who were first to seize him, and fled away.

Headlong downhill at the best of his speed he ran, for sharp throwing stones were whistling about him. But soon they fell behind, soon he was out of range. Then he checked. He kept his distance, but he sought to gain no more. So Balaw, running easily, led on down the green gorge, and the little people thudded a stone's throw behind.

When he came out on level ground he turned sharp eastward, and so they sped on, quarry and hunters, over the flats that lay far north of Penmaenbach, where the sea rolls to-day. On and on, mile after mile they went, Balaw still well away, his hunters trailing out behind. . . . The silver of Conway water glittered ahead. Balaw quickened his pace again, and drew away yard by yard. When he came to the river bank, he cast one glance down stream—in that age the sea was far out beyond the Orme—and plunged in. The water was swirling strangely, but Balaw had scarce any stream to fight. He swam straight and fast. He was walking knee-deep in shallows, he was out on the further bank before his hunters were fairly in. He ran away no more. He stood high on the bank and shouted across stream, '*Ptu! ptu!* Your gods are *ptu!*' and some of the little people raved at him, and others plunged into the river. '*Ptu! ptu!* Your gods are *ptu!*' Balaw shouted, and turned to look down stream and beckoned to the horizon.

For a long minute nothing happened. Nearer and nearer the swimmers came. Louder and louder their comrades cursed from the bank. But Balaw still beckoned to the horizon. . . . A dull roar came up stream, up from the sea. Round the bend in the river rose a grey wall of water, the aegir, the tide wave. Swift and roaring it came, while Balaw beckoned, and it whelmed the swimmers in the midst and swept on, leaving a quick black flood behind.

'*Ptu! ptu!* Your gods are *ptu!*' Balaw shouted across stream.

But no curses answered him now. The little people on the further bank had fled. They knew the aegir. The aegir was the cruel river god. Time and again he had taken toll of the lives of the tribe, for none knew at what hour he would rage. Now, behold, they had seen him come to Balaw's magic, and clearly Balaw was no man to hunt. Who knew what other gods he had at call?

They removed themselves very swiftly.

But Balaw turned away with a laugh. He did not know what the aegir was—devil, or god, or beast—but he knew that it ran twice a day, and each day a little later. He had not told any one else. All his life Balaw had found it worth while to know more than others, whether the others were deer, or wolves, or men.

Off went Balaw to a cave in the limestone, one of a dozen

secret haunts of his. He struck a spark from flint and felspar, and made a fire and spread his wet wolf skin to dry, and ate a full meal of dried deer's flesh, and lay down to sleep. . . . When he woke his fire had died to red ash, and the sun was gone. Balaw put on his wolf skin and made up his fire with damp wood, and went out into the dark. The tide was running ebb now, and he swam the river swiftly and went on westward.

The little people feared the night. None was afoot in the green gorge. The darkness was filled with a myriad low sounds—noises of sheep and swine, the babble of swift water over rocks, the moan of the wind. But in the clusters of beehive huts all was still. Amid them Balaw moved, silent, stealthy. He came to his own hut, listened one moment for the sound of breathing in case it might not be empty, plunged in, and was out again with a hatchet of flint and a hatchet of diorite in his belt. Then very swift, but silent still, he came to the huts of the unwed women.

By one doorway he halted. With scarce a sound he thrust the skin curtain aside. But Daroo started up. Balaw saw the white of her eyes, and he struck—lightly as a man strikes to kill a fawn—first Daroo, then her sleeping hut-mate. He gathered Daroo, stunned and limp, in his arms, and went off with her like a hunter with his prey.

You may see him plodding on through the night over that level land that the sea has stolen, a sturdy laden figure—the first of men in our land who dared freely to choose his wife. Daroo lay over his shoulder senseless. On he went, mile after mile, at the smooth lopping gait that never tires, till he came again to the river. It was near full ebb now. He laid Daroo, swooning still, on the ground, and dragged down to the water one of the logs he used for ferrying game. On that, with green osiers, he bound the girl, and pushing it through the water before him, struck out for the eastern bank.

The chill of the water waked her in mid-stream. She lifted her head and looked over the black waves, but she could not see Balaw swimming beyond her feet at the end of the log. She tried to move, but the osier bonds held her fast. . . . She felt herself all alone bound on the bosom of the waters.

'Is this death?' she cried. 'Is this death? Ah, Balaw! Balaw!'

And the man's heart leapt, and he struck out hard for the shore. 'I am with you!' he cried. 'There is no more fear, little one.'

Soon he was striding through shallow water, soon he had cut her bonds with his hatchet, and was carrying her in his arms to the cave. There on his bracken couch he set her down and stirred the fire to a blaze, and brought her a horn of sweet water. Then he sat beside her and watched the ruddy firelight play about the cream of her neck and cheek. His arm stole about her.

'Nay, Balaw, I am afraid, afraid!' she cried. 'The gods forbid us and——'

'Bah, their gods! *Ptu*, I called them, and had no hurt. 'Tis they who believed in the gods that are dead.'

'I am afraid,' Daroo murmured still.

'Go, then, if you will.' Balaw took his arm away. 'The gods or me you choose to-night. Which do you love?'

Her dark eyes glowed in the firelight, glowed as they turned to his. Balaw was answered. Again his arm came about her. But she did not yield. 'I fear you, Balaw,' she said.

'Fear me? I am but a man.'

'And that is something for a woman to fear,' said Daroo, and looked away from him. 'Nay, but you are more than a man. You laugh at the gods and they dare not hurt you. And you called the river god, and he came to kill the others.'

Balaw laughed. 'Why, this is all nothing, little one. I laugh at the gods because there are no gods. And for the river—I did not call the swift water. Only I knew when it would come.'

'And how should a man know that? Nay, Balaw, you are truly more than man.'

'No more!' cried Balaw. 'I swear by oak, and ash, and thorn, I am no more than man. I am man as you are woman.' He drew her closer. 'Is it good, little one?'

'Very good,' Daroo murmured, and yielded at last. . . .

There were happy days in the limestone cave—happier than ever Daroo had dreamed. Balaw had never a blow for her (the women of the little people were well used to blows), never a hard word. He made her twice five noble cooking-pots, each with the herring-bone pattern all round it. He had a whole host of furs drying for her. He would not suffer her to wait for her meal till he had fed. He made her eat with him, and as good meat as he. Such fine meat, too, he killed that never in her life had Daroo tasted the like.

But the best of all was that he always wanted to hold her where always she wanted to be, inside his left arm against his heart.

Nevertheless, Daroo was still a little afraid of him. He did such strange things. One day she found him stretching beaver skins between two logs. He pushed them all into the river and sat himself on the beaver skins, so that he was sitting on the water, yet did not sink, and then, with a broad piece of wood he drove himself hither and thither. Daroo watched, trembling till he came back to her. And that was the first boat ever was made in Wales. Again, Daroo saw him one evening after his day's hunt was done swinging a deerskin round to shake off the mud. A lump of clay flew off and struck a rock far away. Balaw sat down suddenly huddled up, his chin on his knees as his way was when he was thinking. The next day Daroo found him whirling a strip of deer skin round his head. He checked the whirl sharply, and a stone flew out of the skin and struck the rock sixty paces off. Then Daroo fled away in fear of this far-darting magic. But Balaw laughed and called after her to have no fear, and took another stone and whirled his strip of skin again. He was learning to use the first sling.

Balaw was happy, too, in these days when he dwelt with Daroo alone—but not content. One guesses that he never was content in his life. There would always be something more that he wanted to do or to get. In these first days of marriage he wanted to get sheep and pigs. There were sheep and pigs away in the green gorge beyond Penmaenbach that had once been his. Balaw was the least likely of men to let his goods belong to any one else. Night by night he went off to the gorge. Night by night in that rude boat of his he ferried sow and ewe over Conway water till he had all his own beasts again—and as many more.

Balaw amused himself, but the little people were not at all amused. Each morning they woke to find a smaller flock and a smaller herd. Some said devils were at work. Some said Balaw. But none was minded to watch all night and see. For when darkness came, earth and air were full of devils, and a man outside his hut might be smitten with the trembling sickness or driven mad. They did all they could. In the stone circles on the hills there were many prayers and some sacrifices to Mun, and Ur, and Nar. And Sataw worked his magic all day long.

After a day and a day spent in looking at the blood of a yearling lamb, the cause of all the woe was revealed to him. So he told the little people, and they bowed themselves and cried, 'Hear Sataw! Hear the chief!' Mun was wroth with them, said Sataw; and they

grovelled around Mun's circle and cried, 'Have pity, O Mun, have pity!' Mun was wroth with them, said Sataw, because Balaw was let live. It behoved them to go forth and slay Balaw and bring his heart and lay it on Mun's stone—the tiger stone. So should Mun be appeased, and neither sows nor ewes diminish any more.

Then the little people rose up joyfully and girded themselves, since it was some one else who had to be sacrificed. Only one, an old man, Balaw's father, lagged behind as they went howling the war song down the green gorge. All the women shrieked after them rejoicing. Only one, Balaw's mother, sat in her hut and wept. But as the little people marched over the level land toward Conway water, something of their joy departed. They began to remember how Balaw had worked a magic when they hunted him first, how the river god had come to fight for him and to slay. And the blood in them began to chill.

But Balaw, away on the eastern bank watching them draw near, Balaw was nowise at ease. He knew well that before the tide wave had come not to his magic but to its appointed time. Now its time was two hours off, and ere then all the tribe could cross to slay him. His cheating did not cheat himself—by so much was he wiser than Sataw—and he wasted no time in it. But he did not run away. That was ever his last resort. He put Daroo weeping and loth in a hiding-place among the crags, and he came down alone with his hatchets and his pouches full of sharp throwing stones to the water's edge.

From the other bank the little people were plunging in. The first of them, some score and a half, were yards out in the stream when they and all the rest beheld an awful magic. Balaw came out against them, walking on the water.

Plain to see in the sunlight, he stood his full height above the waves. Never was so great a magic . . . never mortal man had done the like. . . . All the little people were aghast. Those who had not yet plunged into the river forbore. Those who were in already wavered with doubt and fear. Then fell the lash of Balaw's tongue: 'Flies! Canker-worms! Slugs! What would you with Balaw? Away! Away!' Some of the swimmers turned and made for the shore. There Sataw, dancing and singing with wild limbs and rolling eyes, was working his magic. Suddenly he stood still like a man of stone. 'On,' he cried, 'on! Mun gives him you to kill,' and the foam the gods send was on his lips and his beard.

Then more of the little people plunged into the river and swam swift. But Balaw cried, 'Who comes, dies!' and he hurled the first of his throwing stones, and another, and another, and another, and three men flung up their arms one instant, then were whelmed in the waves. Again the swimmers checked and turned. From their friends on land came a storm of throwing stones. But they fell far short of Balaw. No man had strength of arm to reach him from the land. No swimmer could throw at all, and all as they neared Balaw would be his prey. They might have swum at him all together; but there was no heart in them, no common impulse, no zeal. How should there be against a man who could walk upon the river and bring the river god to his aid whenever he would? So, though Sataw stood rigid with the foam about his mouth, pointing to Balaw, none dared the attack again. The little people gathered in a shapeless crowd, many cowering for fear of one. They saw Balaw walking hither and thither on the water, leaning on a stick, and ever and again he called them flies and worms, and begged them come and be killed.

Slowly, by twos and threes, shame in their faces, the little people began to slink away. Every moment more went, till Sataw, lest he should be left alone, must needs cease to be rigid and go too. The last of them went quickly.

When they were out of sight, Balaw, that great magician, paddled to the shore and drew up his boat, the two logs and the beaver skin between.

Gloomily, singing no war song, the little people came back to the green gorge. Only one, the father of Balaw, was glad at heart. The women saw, without telling, that the hunt had gone amiss, and made ready to be beaten. Only one, Balaw's mother, had no fear. And Sataw went scowling up to the stone circles and began to work more magic with lambs' blood and the bones of men.

Balaw took Daroo out of her hiding hole and kissed her tears away, and blushes into her cheeks, and fell to practising with his sling. That was Balaw's magic—the magic of things as they are.

But Sataw could not see. Sataw was asking pools of blood and tossed bones why the gods suffered the little people to be despoiled, and vanquished, and slain; why victory was given to an unbeliever? And he found an answer.

One morning early after dawn, while Balaw still slept, Daroo went down to the river bank to fetch salt tide-water for her cooking-

pot. Out of the water there came to her an old man, panting, bruised, with open wounds on head and shoulder, Balaw's father, Gamaw. He fell down in the sand and embraced Daroo's knees—the first of men in our land who humbled himself before a woman. Then Daroo, much ashamed, strove hard to raise him. But he would not suffer her, and grovelling on the ground, he gasped out a pitiful tale, at every word beseeching her to give him the aid of Balaw.

The night before, he said, Sataw had summoned the great council of the tribe, and when all the men were gathered about the circle of Mun, Sataw told them that his magic had revealed to him how they might make their peace with the gods. The tribe was unclean; the tribe must be purged with blood. No blood would please the gods so much as hers who had brought Balaw into the world. She who had given life to a man who mocked the gods must die. In the morning, when the sun was over Tal-y-fan and the tiger stone, let them bring Balaw's mother and bind her on the stone that Sataw might cut out her heart with the sacred knife of bear-bone, and offer it bleeding to Mun. So would the gods be appeased, and the little people be despoiled no more, and have the victory over Balaw.

The little people had been well pleased, for it seemed to them that peace was cheaply bought with a woman's life. But Gamaw had stolen from them to take his wife and flee with her to save her. He was seen, he was caught, he had fought for her in vain. They had left him bleeding and stunned, and borne the woman shrieking away. So that morning, when the sun came over Tal-y-fan, she must die cruelly on the tiger stone.

Old Gamaw wept upon Daroo's feet, and prayed her for the aid of Balaw. And Daroo, weeping with him, lifted him and hurried him away to the cave. Balaw was sitting in the sunshine combing his hair with a wolf's tooth, and Daroo, with quick tears, told him the story, for old Gamaw could only clasp his son's knees and sob. Then, as he heard, Balaw's hands began to twitch, and he breathed noisily through his teeth, and his black eyes glittered. But he said nothing at all. When she had done, he tore himself a piece of dried deer's flesh, and while he ate it his brow was wrinkled. Then twice he washed his mouth with sweet water, and he girt himself and put his hatchet of diorite in his girdle beside the stone pouch, and over his left shoulder he flung his sling. 'I go—tarry you here,' he said.

Daroo and old Gamaw watched him swim the river ; but, as he mounted the western bank and sped away, they found themselves watching each other. With no word said, they rose and followed.

The sun was working to the long crest of Tal-y-fan. In the sunlight, on the grass round Mun's circle, all the little people were gathered, happy and eager. For Sataw was dancing and singing magic songs in the midst, and Balaw's mother was bound across the tiger stone, and when the sun fell on her bosom they would see Sataw cut out her heart.

'Hearken all ye people!' a shout tore through Sataw's song. The little people started round to see Balaw standing on the crest of the hill above them. His left hand was moved gently ; something was whirring about his head. . . . It was more of Balaw's magic. They edged away from him, huddling together. Balaw's voice rang again. 'Ye are cheated by a fool. The gods ye serve are no gods, are nothing. They cannot aid your hunting. Ye waste your fat meat on them.'

Then Sataw broke out with frenzied cries and curses.

Balaw changed the sling to his right hand. 'A judgment!' he shouted. 'If your gods be gods, let them save their priest, let them save Sataw. If your gods be no gods, Sataw shall die.'

Sataw still raved curses.

The little people gazed. It was plain neither man could kill the other ; they were far and far apart, long strides beyond the farthest range of throwing stones. And neither sought to throw. Only Sataw howled on, and about Balaw's head the whirring grew louder.

Sudden it checked on a sharper note. Something whistled through the air. In the midst of his curses Sataw fell forward and lay very still. A smooth stone from the sling had gone through his right eye home.

'A judgment!' Balaw thundered. 'Your gods are no gods.'

But the little people quaked, and some huddled closer together, and some fell down on the ground crying, 'Mercy, Balaw, mercy!'

Down the hillside, the sling whirring gently still, came Balaw, and as he drew near all the little people fell down before him howling for mercy. But Balaw kicked them away and strode on to his mother. He cut the thongs that bound her, and lifted her from the tiger stone, and then she too fell down before him, and sobbed, 'Oh, Balaw, my son, surely thou art god!'

And all the little people took up the cry, 'Balaw is god, Balaw is our god!'

'Fools!' Balaw shouted angrily, striving to lift his mother. 'The gods are nothing; there are no gods.'

But they cried the louder, 'Balaw is god!' and his mother would not be raised.

Then Balaw kicked and cuffed whom he could reach, shouting, 'Fools! Fools! Am I not man?'

But they still grovelled before him and cried the more earnestly, 'God, our god! Balaw is god!'

And now over the hill old Gamaw and Daroo were coming. 'Man's son and woman's son and man am I,' cried Balaw. 'Gamaw, my father, am I not man?'

But the little people chorussed again, 'Balaw is god! Balaw is god!' and old Gamaw fell down with the rest.

Balaw looked at them with a patient frown, as a man looks at wilful foolish beasts. There was no help. Grovel they would; worship they would; even his father and his mother. . . . Balaw felt himself in a vast world alone. . . .

Then his eyes found Daroo.

Daroo had not made him god. Alone of them all she stood before him, and her eyes shone, and she smiled. Then Balaw laughed, and came to her and took her hand, and they two stood together, while from the ground about them rose the chorus, 'Balaw is god! . . .'

And all his life he was. But that he ever believed it one doubts.

For one moment the sun broke through the cloud-drift, and the scarred stone stood sharp and clear in the light.

'Horrors!' said some one. Celia had come at speed, and into the luncheon basket. Her hair was over her eyes like strands of gold across a summer sky. 'Where have you been?' said Celia.

'I've been here through four thousand years,' said I.

'You must want your lunch,' said Celia's mother.

'I'm not sure that it wasn't five thousand,' I said thoughtfully.

'You are immensely old, of course,' said Celia.

And then we began to be futile. I suppose they had not learnt the way of that when Balaw was god on the hills. Poor creatures!

H. C. BAILEY.

*TWENTY YEARS IN LONDON BY A
FRENCH RESIDENT.*

WHEN, some time in the month of May of 1884, I wrote my first London letter to the 'Journal des Débats,' things were very different from what they are now. The 'Haussmannisation' of Paris is often spoken of as a marvellous example of the transformation of a great capital by the genius of a strong man backed up by the favour of his Sovereign and public opinion, and we all know what wonders Baron Haussmann worked in the French capital. Yet I question whether the changes wrought in Paris during the days of the Second Empire were as great as those effected in the metropolis between 1884 and 1905. For it is not only the outward aspect of London that has been modified during that period, but to a large extent the very life and manners of its inhabitants.

There was then no Tower Bridge, no Shaftesbury Avenue, no Charing Cross Road; and Piccadilly Circus was still a circus and not the curiously shaped space that it is now, and that Euclid himself would find it difficult to describe. The London omnibuses, although improved, were not all of the present pattern, and there were still to be seen some of those antique vehicles provided with a door which the conductor, perched on a circular board, opened and closed for the ingress and egress of each passenger; and penny fares were unknown. The large and palatial hotels on the Embankment and in Northumberland Avenue were not built, and one wonders where the American and other visitors to London in those days found accommodation. More wonderful still was the lack of restaurants. Foreigners in London in the year of grace 1884 had only the choice of very few and inferior eating-houses, where it was impossible for them to obtain a meal cooked and served in the Continental fashion. Now there are in London a number of first-class restaurants equal to the very best in Paris, where culinary artists of eminence and European reputation minister to the wants, fancies, and extravagance of the most fastidious millionaires, American and others. In those days people dined at home, and gave dinner parties in their own homes, or else, when an Englishman wished to

entertain a foreign friend, he dined him at his club. Now dinner parties are given at fashionable hotels and restaurants, and clubs are forsaken for these temples of luxury and good living. Who, in those days, ever heard of supper parties after the play? Now they are quite the fashion, and as soon as the playhouses are emptied, the performance over, people rush to the restaurant for champagne suppers.

Then, again, flats were unknown; now Westminster, Belgravia, Chelsea, and Kensington are covered with enormous buildings where very badly arranged suites of rooms are let at ridiculously high rents. The residential club, a combination of the flat and restaurant, is also one of the new institutions of the last two decades. The restaurant, the flat, and the residential club have to a large extent modified the home life of Englishmen, or at least of Londoners, who find it easier than before to dispense with servants and to adopt a more independent mode of living. Week-end journeys, now the rule in certain classes of London society, were the exception. The motor-car is said to be answerable for this new departure; but long before the automobile became a practical vehicle Londoners used to spend their week-ends at the seaside and in the country, and, besides, the number of people who make use of the railway to get out of London from Saturday to Monday is immensely larger than the number of motorists, which tends to show that the self-propelled vehicle is not the cause of the general and ever-increasing weekly exodus, which has not been a sudden growth.

The week-end custom has so far modified London life that Parliament itself has altered its old habits and that the Wednesday short sitting of the House has been superseded by the Friday early Parliamentary closing. This reminds me that twenty years ago the Saturday half-holiday was thought sufficient, and that now the tendency is to multiply half-holidays and full holidays on every possible occasion. At Christmas, at Easter, at Whitsuntide the closing of shops extends over the best part of a week, whereas formerly Boxing Day, Easter Monday, and Whit Monday were considered ample. It may be that it is better so; but there are no very conspicuous signs of it. Has any one ever noticed that with the fifty-two Saturday half-holidays and the four Bank holidays which are an essentially English custom, the workers of this country have, over and above the holidays (Sundays, &c.) common to all Christian countries, thirty days' play? In other words, they

have a whole month's rest more than their brethren in other countries. Multiply that by the number of working men and clerks, and just see what a loss it must be to the country. The answer to that is that the British workman does more work in a given time than any other. It is a flattering unctio to lay unto the national soul. Whether it is true or not is quite another story. In any case, if life is supposed to be dull in England (*vide* London papers), it is certainly not due to an excess of work and no play.

The dull Sunday is not as yet a thing of the past; but how immensely less dismal it is now than it used to be! Twenty years ago, music in restaurants, afternoon concerts, dinner parties on the Sabbath were unheard of; cabs were at a premium, omnibuses were scarce, and trains few and far between. Things have much improved, notwithstanding the opposition of those who were afraid that a little laxity in the observance of the Lord's Day might bring about a deterioration of English national character. What has happened? We are told that crime and drunkenness are decreasing, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer sees with growing wonder and alarm the constant shrinking of the Excise and beer duties. Perhaps the time is coming when an increase in the duty on playing-cards may make up the loss. At the rate the popularity of bridge is extending this is a possibility by no means to be looked upon as out of the question. For bridge is another of those things that were unknown twenty years ago. So was the fiscal question, and so was the *entente cordiale*. Of the former I have no right to speak; but the latter, it must be hoped, will outlive both bridge and the fiscal problem, or puzzle, or whatever it may be called. It is, to a French resident in London, most gratifying to have seen the growth, the development, and the full maturity, the ripening of the *entente* between England and France, and to feel that one may have helped, if ever so little and in so humble a way, in bringing it about, or at least that one has done nothing to hinder or delay it.

A most remarkable thing during the last twenty years has been the discovery of England by the French. In 1884 the French papers were represented in London by three or four correspondents; the other day at a public ceremony I counted more than ten resident and half-a-dozen special French correspondents. If with the increase of correspondents and 'special wires,' the French in general and the Parisians in particular do not get better acquainted with English men and things, we must despair of the power of the Press!

It is curious, by the way, to see the ignorance of English things that still prevails in France. Not so many years ago a young Frenchman, belonging to a good family, was sent to this country just after leaving school and passing his *baccalauréat*. He came to see me on his arrival and called again some little time after. 'It is a strange thing,' he said to me, 'I have been in London a fortnight and I have not yet seen a lord.' 'Not seen a lord!' I said. 'What do you mean?' 'Well,' he went on, 'I thought that when a lord passed in a London street the police stopped the traffic to make way for him!'

This was pure ignorance, crass ignorance. But the man in Paris who 'knows London' is a most terrible and dangerous person. Once I wrote, for a first-class Paris Review, an article in which I had occasion to mention that the late Queen Victoria had witnessed a performance given by the Paris Hippodrome, which had found a temporary home at Olympia (Addison Road). Now, my editor 'knew' London, and he was not going to hide his light (on things in London) under a bushel. So he corrected 'Olympia' to 'the Olympic.' When the proofs came back to me I restored Olympia, but my editor knew better, and to the little theatre in Wych Street he would have it that horses, elephants, camels, and the rest of it came to perform before Queen Victoria.

It is also almost impossible to get a French newspaper to print 'Grand Old Man' when alluding to the late Mr. Gladstone. Editors, sub-editors, and printers know English too well to allow a mere correspondent to dictate to them, and to make them believe that 'grand' is English, and they invariably print '*Great Old Man*.' In justice to my colleagues and to myself it should be said that a good many of the mistakes of this and various other kinds are due to our Parisian editors and sub-editors. They also insisted, just at the time of which I speak, in calling the then President of the United States, Mr. Arthur, 'Arthur Chester.' 'Whoever heard,' they said, 'of Arthur as a patronymic?' The number of German and Austrian and especially of Italian newspaper correspondents has increased in the same proportion as that of the French journalists during the last twenty years, and the foreign Press is now fully represented in London.

But how many of those who were then my colleagues now remain! Very few, nowadays, remember the brilliant and accomplished Carl Schneider, of the '*Cologne Gazette*,' or T. Johnson, of the Paris '*Figaro*,' whose pungent and witty but not infrequently

inaccurate letters half amused, half irritated his English readers, but delighted the French public.

The leading representatives of the London Press in Paris who in those days kept the British public so well informed on matters of French life and politics have disappeared—every one of them. And what a splendid body of journalists they were. First and foremost was M. de Blowitz, then came Mr. (afterwards Sir) Campbell Clarke, of the 'Daily Telegraph,' Mr. Hely Bowes, of the 'Standard,' Mr. Clifford Millage. They knew everybody in Paris, and everybody knew them. It were odious to make comparisons between those able men and their successors, and, besides, it would be foreign to my purpose to do so. Again, there would be no comparison possible where methods are so completely different, for circumstances have altered since then, and new conditions have sprung up. But I cannot help paying a friendly tribute to the memory of those excellent and distinguished colleagues, whom it was my privilege to know, and in whose company I spent many pleasant hours.

If, within twenty years, many things have changed, others have remained the same—the relations of the foreign Press representatives with Parliament, for instance. Parliament, or the House of Commons, to speak by the book, ignores them. Some years ago the question was brought by a German and an Austrian journalist and by myself before Mr. Speaker Peel, but without success. Mr. Speaker Peel, through his secretary, informed us that we were mere strangers. Just about the same time a committee was appointed to revise the rules relating to the admission of strangers, and we wrote to the chairman of the committee, Lord Ebrington. Lord Ebrington replied that we were not strangers but journalists. So that up to the present day we do not know exactly what we are.

In 1885 I was sent to Scotland on the occasion of Mr. Gladstone's memorable Midlothian electoral campaign, and it was then, at a private house not far from Edinburgh, that I had the great honour of being introduced to the illustrious statesman. It was at a luncheon party, on the day following the ceremony of the restoration of the Market Cross, which I had witnessed. The quaint costumes of the heralds in gorgeous tabards, of the town trumpeters, and of the civic authorities, the speeches delivered on the occasion, and the extraordinary prestige of Mr. Gladstone, who had had the Cross restored at his expense—the worship, almost, of the Scotch people

for him—had very forcibly struck me. There was about the whole of the proceedings a flavour of old times which could not fail to make a vivid impression on my mind. And when, twenty-four hours later, I had the good fortune of sitting at the same table with the great man, and within two places of him, I had a deep sense of the privilege I was enjoying, the recollection of which I shall ever cherish. I had no eyes but for Mr. Gladstone, no ears but for what he said. The elections were then taking place, and several telegrams were handed to him during the meal; and it goes without saying that the conversation was almost wholly devoted to the political events of the day, especially at the end of the table where I happened to be. Two things especially struck me in Mr. Gladstone: his voice and most particularly his eyes. In no one else have I ever seen anything to compare with his brilliant, piercing black eyes, so full of fire and energy, with that searching look of his which seemed to penetrate to the very soul of the person he was addressing.

But although deeply engaged in discussing the electoral prospects of his party with an eminent Scotch journalist who sat near him, Mr. Gladstone heard everything that was going on around, and he soon gave an extraordinary proof of the faculty he possessed of following two distinct courses of ideas at the same time. At the very moment when he was talking with great animation to his neighbour, some one, at the other end of the table, was speaking of the Fenian outrage at Manchester in 1867 and apparently made a mistake in one of his statements, for Mr. Gladstone abruptly interrupted a sentence he had just begun and, looking up, exclaimed across the whole length of the table where some fifteen guests were sitting, 'No, no, So-and-so; you're wrong. What happened was this. . . .' And then without a moment's hesitation he gave chapter and verse, explaining who was Home Secretary at the time and what was done, and what was the sequence of events. After which he resumed his electoral conversation.

When luncheon was over Mr. Gladstone spoke to me and asked me if I had been present at the inauguration of the new Cross. On my replying in the affirmative and saying how much I had been impressed by what I had seen, and by the antique survivals connected with the ceremony, he asked me if in France we had kept up any of our old institutions and customs. To which I said that I believed we had retained none except, perhaps, the French Academy, which has preserved intact all its traditions and forms of procedure

ever since its foundation in 1635. 'Ah!' said Mr. Gladstone, 'it is a pity; we should never sever the links that connect us with the past.'

A few moments later Mr. Gladstone prepared for a walk in the grounds of his host, and after he had put on his greatcoat, Mrs. Gladstone, who was present, wrapped him up in a grey woollen shawl; for it was November, and a biting wind was blowing at the time. I cannot adequately describe the tender solicitude, the almost motherly care with which Mrs. Gladstone performed this duty, and one did not know which to admire the more: the devoted wife whose love was so great and touching, or the noble husband who inspired such admirable and affectionate devotion.

I only met Mr. Gladstone once after this. It was in London, during the season, at the house of a diplomatist who had invited a few English notabilities to meet some members of the *Comédie Française* who happened to be in town at the time. I remember how delighted and surprised were two of our most charming and distinguished actresses to find that Mr. Gladstone, who had a long chat with them, was perfectly acquainted with French dramatic literature, and could discuss with them the most technical points of dramatic art, and go, if necessary, into questions of scenery and of historical accuracy of costume.

About twelve months after my journey to Scotland I had to go to Ireland and visit the districts where the Plan of Campaign was at work and evictions were taking place. After a few days in Dublin, where I was introduced to leaders of both sides, and provided with credentials, I started for the South, and first of all went to Limerick, in order to be present at a great Nationalist meeting which was to take place at Murroe the day after my arrival—that is, on a Sunday—and there it was that I had at first hand a remarkable and amusing example of an Irish bull. On arriving at the hotel I asked for a room in the front of the house. A servant took me to a small dark room looking on to an inner courtyard. I went to the window and, having satisfied myself that there was a mistake, I said to the man, 'This is not the front of the house?' 'Yes, sir,' he said, 'it's the back of the front.'

I have no intention here to go into political questions, and I must pass rapidly over this Irish trip, which had a duration of five or six weeks. I soon found out that in those troubled times any one travelling in Ireland was at first looked on suspiciously by both parties, and at Killarney an English M.P. and myself were for a

day or two 'shadowed' with refreshing unanimity by leaguers and constables.

During this trip I had the good fortune to see the late Rev. Father Davis, of Baltimore, who received me and my English friend in the most hospitable and charming manner, and explained to us how, with the assistance of Lady Burdett-Coutts, he had revived the fishing industry in that part of Ireland. Father Davis did more than make two blades of grass grow where one grew before. He restored prosperity to an impoverished part of Ireland, and taught the Irish what perseverance, fixity of purpose, and energy can achieve, and their detractors that, given proper and fair conditions, Irishmen can hold their own and successfully compete with any rivals.

That was, as I said, twenty years ago, and things have improved considerably in Ireland since then.

When in Cork, I met Dr. Tanner, then in the prime of life, and in the best mental and physical health. He and another staunch Nationalist received me most kindly and were my guides, philosophers, and friends for a few days which I look upon as some of the most pleasant in my life, and I shall never forget the warmth and cordiality of their welcome. Every one in Cork knew Dr. Tanner and his friend, and after I had been seen everywhere in their company for a few days, everybody knew me too, by sight, of course. And the question was asked at once, 'Who is that English M.P. who is always with Dr. Tanner and his friend?' The idea in Cork in those days was that none but an English Member of Parliament could be seen in company of 'the Doctor' and his friend.

It was with them that I witnessed a most amusing and unrehearsed incident in a melodrama at the theatre. At a given moment the scene was to be changed in front of the audience. For some unknown reason the machinery would not act, and there was an awkward pause. Suddenly, the heroine, the good young man, and the villain put their shoulders, not to the wheel, but to the scenery, and with their help the change was effected. Upon which they resumed their parts with remarkable and praiseworthy composure.

The Egyptian Conference, in 1884, and the Penjdeh incident the following year, gave me an opportunity of meeting many members of the Corps Diplomatique in London. The late Musurus Pasha was one of those it was my privilege to know, but not for very long, for he was recalled after I had known him a few months, and I remember how grieved he was that the Sultan would not

allow him to complete his thirty-fifth year as Ambassador in London. Yet it was only a matter of a few weeks. But he told me the Sultan was inexorable.

His successor was Rustem Pasha, who, with a very stern countenance, was most kind-hearted. He was a *grand seigneur* if ever there was one, with the most polished manners, an accomplished linguist who spoke, besides Turkish, Italian (his native tongue), English, and French without in any of these languages betraying the least sign of a foreign origin.

He was extremely fond of England, but having a very high notion of the dignity of an Ambassador, who represents the person of his Sovereign, he was greatly dissatisfied with certain Court customs in this country. He thought it a great lack of diplomatic etiquette that an Ambassador could arrive in London to take up his diplomatic post without any notice being taken of him, either on landing at Dover or on his arrival in London, by any of the officials. When once on that subject he would talk almost for hours. One day he was, for the hundredth time perhaps, comparing notes on diplomatic privileges in Continental Courts and at the Court of St. James's with Count de Bylandt, who was at that time Dutch Minister, when the Count said to him slyly, 'You talk of Ambassadors, but, my dear friend, there is only *one* Ambassador in London.'

'What!' exclaimed Rustem Pasha, who in these matters was always serious, and did not see the twinkle in M. de Bylandt's eye. 'What! we are seven!'

'My dear Pasha, there is only one Ambassador in London—the United States Minister!'

Nothing could express more neatly the importance of the representative of the great American Republic accredited to the Court of St. James's.

By the way, it may not be known that it is chiefly to the complaints of Rustem Pasha and M. de Bylandt that the Corps Diplomatique are indebted for the reform thanks to which they only pay one-third of the rates on their embassies and legations, the other two-thirds being paid by the British Government, instead of paying the full amount of rates as before. This was, perhaps, Rustem Pasha's greatest grievance, and the then *doyen* of the Corps Diplomatique, M. Waddington, the French Ambassador, had to take the matter up. He did so, and with complete success.

If ever there was a man who was misunderstood by most of

his countrymen, and did not get credit for his efforts and achievements, certainly M. Waddington was that man. Perhaps his greatest misfortune was his bearing an English name. His enemies in his country said he was *un Anglais*, and the English, on the other hand, complained that he was more unyielding than if he had been called Dubois or Durand. The fact is that, notwithstanding his English early education (he had been at Rugby and later at Cambridge), he was a true French patriot, and served his country with unswerving devotion. He, like Rustem Pasha, had a very high idea of the position and duties of a diplomatist, but the feeling with him took a more practical shape. A very good instance of it may be given here. Some time in 1887 or 1888, when the London County Council Bill was being discussed in Parliament and in the Press, M. Waddington met Mr. Gladstone at a dinner where only half-a-dozen guests were present, all political men. The conversation drifted to the topics of the day, including the future London County Council. Mr. Gladstone, I was told by M. Waddington, expressed himself as if he were in favour of giving to the County Council control of the police in the metropolis. And upon this M. Waddington had a word to say. Whilst disclaiming any intention or desire to interfere in what did not concern him as a foreigner, he contended that, as a diplomatist, he was entitled to have his opinion on that point; that the police of a capital, where are gathered the palaces of the Sovereign, the ministries, the national collections and libraries, not to speak of the Sovereign himself and of Parliament, is not a local but a national concern; that the representatives of foreign monarchs and nations, ambassadors and ministers, had also to be protected by a national force; and that as for himself, he did not quite see his way to go and ask a municipal body, however distinguished, to protect his embassy and person in case of need.

This argument, which he pressed very strongly, and which I here condense in a few words, made, he told me, a great impression on Mr. Gladstone, who recognised the force of the objection to a municipal police in a capital like London.

When, after ten years' tenure of office at Albert Gate, M. Waddington returned to France, he could boast that no French Ambassador since 1815 had represented his country in the British capital for so long a period. On March 4, 1893, the Lord Mayor, Sir Stuart Knill, gave in his honour a farewell dinner which was one of the finest functions that took place at the Mansion House. All

the Ambassadors and Ministers in London were present, together with members of the Government and representatives of society and of Art, Science, and Literature. The Lord Chancellor and the Speaker were there, and among those present I remember Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, Sir Francis Jeune, Sir Joseph (now Lord) Lister, Sir Henry Hawkins (Lord Brampton), Sir John Millais, Mr. (now Sir E.) Poynter, Lord Methuen, Sir James Paget, Sir Andrew Clark, Sir James Linton, Mr. Sant, R.A., Dr. W. H. Russell, Mr. G. W. Smalley, and many more.

Sir Stuart Knill made a graceful speech, in which he recalled M. Waddington's career, not forgetting to mention that he had rowed in the Cambridge boat at the University race of 1849. This, of course, was cheered to the echo, as it always was—for whenever the Ambassador's health was drunk in this country, the proposer of the toast invariably alluded to that incident in M. Waddington's life.

'They think more of my having been one of the Cambridge eight in 'forty-nine,' he would say, with a smile, 'than of all I have done as a political man and a diplomatist.'

The mention of a boat race recalls to my mind an amusing, almost grotesque, incident which happened in 1890. The exhibition at Earl's Court was, that year, a French one, and early in the year some of the French exhibitors came to settle matters, and were entertained by the Earl's Court directors. Whilst they were in London the Boat Race took place, and arrangements were made to take them up the river in a special steamer to enable them to witness this interesting event. They were delighted, of course. By mere chance our steamer was the first to return to Westminster, and on the way back, as we passed under the bridges, some of the English guests, in reply to inquiries from the crowd, shouted the name of the winning boat, 'Oxford!' and the crowd cheered, as it can cheer on a Boat Race day.

It was then noticed that one of the French gentlemen looked very distressed and held his handkerchief to his eyes. Believing he was ill some of the party went up to him, inquiring and offering assistance. He needed none, and explained the cause of his emotion, 'Ah!' he said, pointing to the Tricolour which our steamer flew out of compliment to the French guests, 'it moves me to tears to see how they cheer the French flag!'

No one on board had the courage to undeceive my patriotic countryman, who to this day, no doubt, believes that the crowd

assembled on the bridges on Boat Race day 1890 cheered the Tricolour, and thus proclaimed the *entente cordiale* so far back as sixteen years ago.

From a French resident's point of view the *entente cordiale* is certainly the most important event of the last two decades, and there is not a member of the French colony in London who did not hail with sincere gratification the restoration of the old friendly feeling between the two countries. At the same time it should be said that even at the time when political relations were most strained, the usual personal intercourse between Frenchmen living in London and their English friends continued as cordial as ever, and it says much for the generous hospitality England extends to foreigners. That such was the case in the dark days of Fashoda, for instance, is as much to the credit of the English themselves as of the French residents—at least, so it seems to me.

The recent visit of the Parisian Municipal Council will, no doubt, help to make the French better acquainted with England and Englishmen; but what is still more likely to promote a better knowledge of England among French people is the ever-increasing number of my countrymen who come to London on business or on pleasure bent. I believe that for every Frenchman who came to London twenty years ago, ten now cross the Channel. During the summer months hundreds of French people come here to take part in the usual festivities, to see the popular plays, and to 'do' London and the season in the most thorough manner. It is a common thing now for Parisians to run to London to be present at a wedding or a dinner party or a first night, a thing unheard of in the early 'eighties. All this makes for a better understanding, for closer, more friendly and cordial relations. Already there are signs that the two peoples are daily borrowing more and more one another's customs, and adapting them to their respective wants. If Englishwomen have ever followed the Parisienne's lead in the matter of dress, Frenchwomen for some years have copied many English fashions; and Frenchmen of the better and leisured classes are not now alone in adopting the English style of men's dress. English sports, such as football, are indulged in by French schoolboys with as much relish and with as keen a sporting instinct as by Rugby or Harrow boys. English plays have been produced in France in the original with a measure of success which would have been considered impossible a generation ago, and many of them, translated into French, have had most successful 'runs.' In the

Paris music halls, English singers and dancers are now invariably applauded, and English 'turns' are a standing feature in the programmes.

These may appear small things, but their cumulative effect is considerable and does good.

If many things have changed during twenty years, many remain as they were then. The London streets are, if anything, in a worse condition than they used to be. On a wet day it is a painful ordeal to venture out of doors, the various borough, City, and county councils, or whoever is responsible, not having yet discovered a proper and efficient system of sweeping the thoroughfares. Here and there, it is true, a man or a boy may be seen listlessly drawing along the pavement a kind of rake provided with a sheet of indiarubber, and perhaps half-a-dozen more men and boys gently patting the roadway with brooms; but no proper effort is made to grapple with the difficulty.

In summer the watering of the streets is a most striking example of how not to do a thing. The method is this: a number of men, armed with brooms which they wield more or less adroitly, raise a cloud of dust, which smothers the passers-by and penetrates in the houses through every open door and window; and as soon as it settles down again a watering-cart comes along and the result of mixing dust and water is a small ocean of ill-looking and worse-smelling mud. This costs about seven shillings in the pound to Londoners, and is certainly dear. Besides, as a practical joke it has been so long practised that it has ceased to be funny. In other countries they *first* water the streets, and then they sweep them. Result: no dust, no mud. This is a secret which metropolitan authorities have not yet discovered. Let me make them a present of it and urge them to try it in London. They might do worse.

Shall I say anything of the atrocious noises of London? Is there anything to be compared with them in any civilised country? Where, in the whole world, will you find organs so loud permitted to disturb the peaceful inhabitants, who, in the fearful noise, can neither read nor write, nor hear themselves speak? Where, in the whole world, will you find milkmen allowed to miew like wild cats or to rattle their cans before daylight and break the rest of those who have not the privilege of selling milk—so called; coalmen to bellow like bulls; costermongers and other vendors of rotten fish, putrid vegetables, faded flowers, cholera-giving fruit, and various unsavoury eatables—or rather uneatables—to shout their

wares with voices that have nothing human, and to poison unoffending men, women, and children? As a matter of fact, London gets dirtier and noisier every year. And the cabs! Gracious powers! Londoners—a long-suffering and patient race—have a tradition according to which a hansom is a delightful thing. They cling to it, they keep it alive, and it is an unconscionable time dying. But when they are asked how a vehicle can be delightful when a lady cannot get in without in summer and in winter wiping the wheel with her dress and soiling her gloves when holding on to the handrail; when the 'fare' cannot be protected from the rain unless he consents to be suffocated; when the glass cannot be lowered or raised from inside, so that the passenger is a prisoner; or, if lowered, forms a nose-guillotine of a terrible kind, and is a danger to the eyes in case of accident; when the passenger in wet weather is compelled to open his umbrella to avoid being drenched; when, if the horse slips or falls, the passenger is thrown out into the street or dashed against the splash-board at the imminent risk of breaking his ribs; they reply that the indictment is perfectly true, but that nevertheless a hansom is a delightful thing.

But truth prevails; the number of four-wheelers is on the increase, and the popularity of the hansom slowly diminishes, for which let us be thankful. And fortunately we have the Underground, the Tube, the tramways, and the omnibuses, so that we can snap our fingers at the hansom. But why have not the omnibus companies given their conductors some uniform or other so as to prevent those individuals from wiping their wet or dirty coats on the passengers' dresses or trousers when collecting fares?

Small matters, these, no doubt, but they go far to make London more unpleasant than it need be, and the removal of the various grievances—among many—I have just mentioned would in a measure make it a great deal more agreeable than it is at present.

When one remembers the many improvements made in London during the last twenty years one is astounded to find that so little has been done to make the metropolitan streets cleaner and less noisy and the public vehicles more adapted to the wants of the inhabitants. A theatrical manager who would pay as little regard to the comfort of the public as do the municipal authorities and the omnibus and cab companies of the metropolis would be landed in the bankruptcy court within six months.

This reminds me that Parisian theatres are as uncomfortable in

their way, as inconvenient, as dirty, as the London streets, cabs, and omnibuses. If for, say, twelve months, the Paris theatres were placed under London managers and the London streets, cabs, and omnibuses entrusted to the supervision of Parisian municipal councillors and others, things might be materially improved both here and there. Why not try ?

I must bring to a close these hasty notes on a twenty years' residence in London, for I have exceeded the limit assigned to me; but perhaps some day I may be allowed to return to the subject.

PAUL VILLARS.

THE PASSING OF EUCLID.

THE reform of geometrical teaching is the one reform our ancient universities have permitted for a decade or more ; it may therefore be instructive to review the means by which this result has been achieved.

Whether or no we are losing our lead in the race of nations will probably remain for some time to come a matter of opinion and assertion. Engineers, among other people, have been pessimistic ; the remedies they urge are the adoption of the metric system and the improvement of mathematical teaching. The former depends on the latter ; there can be little doubt that the metric system will come in as soon as a generation of M.P.s has arisen which understands decimals. But, however that may be, mathematical teaching has certainly passed through stormy times in the last few years ; and among the wreckage is Euclid's elements.

It is a matter of common knowledge that England and her Colonies retained Euclid's elements as a text-book of geometry long after every other leading nation had worked out a more modern and elastic system.

Doubters may point out that Italy gave up Euclid in a hurry, and found the results so chaotic that they were glad to return to the fold. This may be a lesson to avoid haste, but we English need no warnings of this kind. At all events, France and Germany have never seen reason to go back. In this country our conservatism in education has acted in the same way as our adherence to an obsolete field artillery ; when at last we move, we can profit by the experiments of our rivals, and, for a short time, we are left in possession of the most up-to-date armament in the world.

Well, we have moved at last. Before inquiring how the change came about let us first make friends with Euclid himself. After all, the quarrel has never been a personal matter. His book was a masterpiece ; but it was written for Greek men, not British boys. How would he have received the prediction that his text-book was to last for 2,000 years ? We cannot doubt that, were he alive in the twentieth century, he would produce a new edition fit to put ' Euclid ' in the shade.

We are the last to desert Euclid ; and, curiously enough, we were the first to adopt him. In the dark ages, Euclid's works were unknown in Western Europe. Greek editions were not to be had ; the tradition was handed on by the Moorish universities of Spain. It is said that an English monk, Athelard of Bath, braved the perils of travel among the infidels, and brought back to England an Arabic version of Euclid, which, translated into Latin, was the basis of geometrical learning in the West.

To descend to the present day, and to particulars, the reader may be glad to know what is involved in the reform of geometrical teaching.

To begin with, a good many people thought that the schoolboy was geometrising about ideas which he did not apprehend. For instance, he was invited to learn a number of theorems on rectangles ; but it was reserved for the present century to discover that the schoolboy did not always distinguish clearly between *rectangle* and *right angle*.

To the practised mathematician, the idea of a square inch presents no difficulty. But the following definition was once offered to the present writer by a pupil : ' A square inch is an inch multiplied by itself four times.' On another occasion a paper triangle was given to a boy, with instructions to measure its angles and add them up. The boy set to work, and after some time was found to have measured no fewer than seven angles, and quite ready to go on. He had been turning the triangle round and round, and was greeting each angle as it turned up again as a new acquaintance.

We began to realise that, with some boys, to assume the presence of any definite geometrical ideas, however simple, was to assume too much. We had to admit that the citadel was not to be taken by storm ; that we should be forced to open trenches and to advance deliberately. We saw that it would be wise to make sure that certain simple ideas were present, in a clear shape, before trying to build up an edifice of deductive geometry.

How, then, are we to implant these ideas ? to shape the stones for the building ? For example, how are we to teach a child what we mean by 'angle' ?

The orthodox method had been to offer him a definition, with more or less of verbal commentary. But however sound the definition, and however admirable the explanation, it was always the same routine of words, words, words.

Now, the British schoolboy's attitude toward words is peculiar.

Sometimes he does not hear them, being engaged otherwise; sometimes he hears and misunderstands (*cf.* the case of the student who came away from a chemistry lecture persuaded that the atmosphere was made of *zinc*). No doubt an able teacher or a trained teacher can overcome these difficulties. But all teachers are not able, and very few are trained.

Speaking broadly, the British boy cannot be reached by words alone. He needs objects, drawing instruments, laboratories, something concrete that he can see and touch. There is an intimate connection between his brain and fingers. He will be bored to death if you explain to him why there are 1,728 cubic inches in a cubic foot, but quite a different creature if you give him a bag of cubes and let him puzzle out the answer. When his book states that the three angles of a triangle make up two right angles, he receives the information coldly; but let him cut out a few paper triangles and tear off their angles; and he will sparkle. To teach geometry experimentally converts one into an optimist; in order of popularity 'Euclid' used to be bottom of the poll, and now 'Geometry' is near the top.

A great advantage in the use of instruments in geometry is that the drawing *dilutes* the work. Mere Euclid was too strong a beverage. The lesson was either highly abstract thought or learning by rote. The only interludes were those of inattention—nature's safeguard. We used to show the boy how to draw a pentagon, with proof. But he knew that as a matter of fact he never *would* draw that pentagon. And the practical British instinct rebelled against theory that never bore fruit in practice.

Nowadays he will have to think just as hard in finding out how to draw the pentagon. But when he has found out, he will be allowed to do it. And this is just the change of activity that is almost as good as rest. At the same time, the boy does not grudge the labour of drawing up plans when he is allowed to put them into execution afterwards.

There was something very unscientific in the old custom of performing (or pretending to perform) constructions without instruments. The whole point of Euclid's constructions was this, that he was playing a cramped game. He restricted himself to two instruments. The point of the game became imperceptible when there were no instruments. It was like playing cricket without bat or ball.

But geometry, as we teach it now, is not all drawing and paper-

tearing. These pursuits are amusing enough; and perhaps their presence might be justified by the intentness and concentration they provoke. Still, the teacher will not be satisfied unless he can lead on his pupils from drawing to discovery, and from discovery to deductive reasoning.

What we feel so strongly, however, nowadays is that induction must come first, deduction after.

There was no place for induction in the old Euclid teaching; and there was no encouragement for intuition. We tried to make our boys think by rule. And there we failed.

Nowadays the young geometrician is allowed to run wild for a season before he is put into harness. He is all the stronger for it. We find that he tackles his deductions with courage and ingenuity. In the old days he was beaten from the start. He had never had any easy triumphs to give him heart. The minute difficulties with which he is now beset in his preliminary drawing course accustom him to victory; and he is not readily repulsed when he meets the real enemy later.

A statement often made, and often allowed to pass unchallenged, is that the geometry now taught is lacking in strict logic, while Euclid is beyond criticism in that respect. Neither statement will bear examination. Euclid had a high standard of rigorousness. But modern critics will not allow that he was true to it. In his first proposition he assumes without proof that a certain pair of circles cut. Any schoolboy can see that the circles must cut. But it is inconsistent for Euclid to make an assumption here, yet anxiously to prove later on that if two circles touch they cannot have the same centre.

On the other hand, modern school books make some concessions to the fact that we have eyes. We do not shrink from assuming that if two points are taken on a circle, the chord joining them lies entirely within the circle. The fact is so obvious that we do not feel interested in seeking a proof. Something must be assumed for a start. The foundations of geometry are sunk in obscurity. We do not set our learners to do the work of divers. It is enough for them to set foot on the staircase when it has emerged above sea-level.

Euclid would find much that is familiar in a modern book; the same arrangement of proof, many of the familiar propositions, some dull or irrelevant theorems omitted, some slight changes of order. But he would be rather scandalised to meet references to

things mechanical, engines and the like. And he would be troubled not a little by the continual use of numbers. Arithmetic had not progressed far in the Alexandrian days. Euclid avoids it in the books that are read by schoolboys; and it is a curious historical survival that this divorce of geometry from arithmetic should have lasted till the twentieth century.

Algebra again, is a science in which the Greeks had made but little advance in Euclid's time. The dreadful Book II., a slough which has engulfed so many pilgrims, is now set forth as a pleasant geometrical illustration of certain well-known formulæ in algebra. One of Euclid's best bits of work, *e.g.* his theory of proportion, we have definitely classed as a university subject; it no longer appears in schoolbooks.

England had been faithful to Euclid long after other nations discovered that they could improve upon him. With us the reform has not been the work of a moment. Thirty years ago the A. I. G. T. (Association for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching) was fighting for an instalment of the reforms that have been carried to-day. But Cambridge frowned. The most the Association could win was permission to deviate from the letter of Euclid's proofs, provided always that it kept intact his order of theorems. This question of 'Euclid's order' has been the key of the position. Till this was taken, no substantial victory was possible. Conservatives said that repeal would lead to chaos; that examinations would become impossible. But repeal has come, and chaos tarries; examiners find no difficulty, and the result of freedom has been an effective agreement among writers of textbooks as to order and content. So long as freedom is permitted, so long will progress be possible.

The impulse to reform came from the engineers, who found that their young men had learnt no mathematics that was of use, and little enough of any kind. In the person of Professor Perry, they raised public interest in the matter and induced the British Association to bestir itself. The Mathematical Association (descendant of the A. I. G. T.) awoke as one out of sleep. The Civil Service Commissioners had already reformed the examinations for entrance to Army and Navy, and this gave a most valuable lead.

The Universities were persuaded to take a sympathetic view of the needs of ordinary schoolboys as opposed to future senior wranglers. This was due in the main to the broad-minded attitude of Professor Forsyth, Sadlerian Professor of Mathematics at

Cambridge. Oxford was the first to accept the reform proposals, but with uncertain voice. Cambridge moved later, and with more decision. The proposals were carried without opposition. The fruit had ripened to its fall.

Schools did not delay to adapt themselves to changed examination requirements. So far has the movement gone that out of seventy boys entering a public school in September, 1905, not one admitted that he had learnt 'Euclid.'

From this history we may learn how absolutely English school-teaching is governed by examinations, and thus ultimately by the Universities. Till the Universities assented, nothing could be done; when they gave way, reform came like a flood. In this instance, the country has reason to be grateful to them. But it is to be feared that, generally, university dons have no sense of their responsibility for English education. Their chief preoccupation is to select and purchase the best brains in the market, mainly with the object of obtaining the advertisement of first-classes in the honours schools. In the same way, the public schools buy up the brains of preparatory schools, to turn them into university scholars. The examination best fitted to pick out clever boys is by no means identical with the examination best fitted to direct education on wise lines. But the suggestion that there is a duty in the latter direction is put aside with a courteous scoff. When will college dons realise that their wish is a law to public schools? and public schoolmasters that preparatory schools must obey or perish?

CHARLES GODFREY.

THE WINDS OF THE OCEAN.

BY FRANK T. BULLEN.

To the ordinary citizen wind is a factor of life of which he takes scarcely any cognisance, except it cause him inconvenience or positive suffering, as when in summer the high winds blow dust-laden from the direction in which he desires to go, or in winter when the bitter blasts of easterly wind seem to penetrate to his very marrow, scorning to take his clothing into account and making him feel, if he be at all weakly, as if it was in very truth the lethal breath of the death angel. As far as our islands are concerned, this is about the sum of the landsman's consideration of the wind, unless he be a cyclist or a motorist. Of course, I do not speak of seafarers of any sort as ordinary citizens; they are a class by themselves. Even shepherds and farmers only regard the wind from the standpoint of its snow- and rain-bearing capabilities, and therefore it remains, as I have said, true that in these islands wind as a factor in his life is of very little personal interest to the ordinary citizen. This, however, by no means holds good in other lands. It would be quite an easy task to compile a respectable book upon the various winds of the earth and the intense interest they have for its varied inhabitants, from their effects upon human life, from the Scirocco and Khamseen winds of the desert to the Chinook winds in the far west of British North America. To dwellers in those countries or on their borders, the wind is an all-absorbing consideration, meaning, as it does, all the difference between life and death, in many cases, and in numberless others making life worth living or the reverse.

But it is not with the winds of the land and their countless local peculiarities and variations that we have to deal. The winds of the ocean, or rather the watery world—that is to say, two-thirds of the surface of the globe—claim our attention as being one of the greatest factors, if not the prime factor, in disseminating the bounties of the sea over the land. And, first of all, it is necessary to remember that mobile and volatile as the winds of heaven are, and elusive as they have hitherto proved themselves to be to the earnest and painstaking prognosticators of weather, they, like

everything else connected with the physical characteristics of our earth, are ruled by certain great laws of which as yet we have only been permitted a glimpse. The aerial ocean has its currents, its tides, its eddies, as the watery one has, but with far more variations, as might have been expected, considering the difference in density between the two elements, air and water. Many of these currents are fairly regular in direction and average force, others are irregular according to season, others are permanently irregular, but in their average direction and force are stable enough to leave their effects, say, on the trees of the islands over which they blow, which show by the direction in which they bend how they have been coerced during the time of their growth. These are of the main currents of air. Between them there are eddies, whirlpools of air, so to speak, and stagnant, or nearly stagnant, places where apparently the atmosphere may rest undisturbed. But over the main air currents there lie possibilities of tremendous aerial disturbances, as if nature resented the even equable flow of the wind for any great length of time, and must needs give it a tremendous shaking up just to stimulate the circulation. And these catastrophic events are known, according to their locality, as hurricanes, cyclones, or typhoons, or, in minor cases, tornadoes or whirlwinds. But whatever their local appellation, or wherever they take place, the principle of them remains the same, viz. a more or less whirling motion against the apparent passage of the sun, or in the opposite direction to the movement of the hands of a clock in the northern hemisphere, and with them in the southern, while the whole whirling area of wind is borne onward in a given direction much as the wheel revolves upon its axis, yet goes forward withal.

But of these violent disturbances more presently and particularly in their turn. The place of honour in the consideration of ocean winds must, I think, always be given to the trade winds of the Atlantic, not only for their important bearing upon the trade of the world in the days that have gone, but their wonderful influence upon the health of the countries that dominate the rest of the world. Let it be remembered that there are in the Atlantic Ocean two great currents of air in motion or wind, one north of the equator between 30° N. and that imaginary central line, called the north-east trade winds, and the other occupying a similar position south of the equator, known as the south-east trades. Their names signify the direction from which they blow continually, with a little variation, it is true, according to the time of the year, but sufficiently

steady, especially as it is wind we are considering, to be called a permanent current of air. Now it will certainly be asked why do these great air currents act thus—why, indeed, are they in being at all?

Well, without pretending to be scientific, but at the same time keeping closely to fact, as far as it has been ascertained, the reason of the trade wind is this. Within the tropics the sun's rays pour down fervently and heat the air—rarefy it, in fact—so that it rises higher and higher above the sea, leaving room for the colder, heavier air from the poles to rush in and fill up the partially vacated space. Now if the globe did not revolve upon its axis the direction of these intruding currents of air would be from due north and south towards the equator. But the girth of the revolving globe increases from pole to equator; the tropical surface, like the outside of a wheel, is moving from west to east faster than the incoming air from nearer the poles, which, so to say, gets left behind, and is deflected in the direction of east to west, so that northward of the equator the north wind acquires an easterly trend, and to the southward of the equator takes the same bias. Hence these two main streams of moving air or wind travel more or less steadily in a north-east and south-easterly direction, and from their dependency and steadiness they have received the names they bear of the north-east and south-east trades. Of course, there are other factors which enter into the production of these two mighty air-currents, such as the changeable influence of the heat over the land, configuration of the land, &c. But these are the main causes, and since this is in no sense a treatise on meteorology the statement of them will suffice.

Now the north-east trade acting upon the surface of the ocean perpetually has also an enormous influence upon the current, is indeed the main cause of the great equatorial current which ever sets from east to west, but that will be considered later. What is now to be thought of is the way in which this wonderfully steady wind has affected the trade of the world. Without it Columbus would certainly never have discovered America, and the amazing development of the trade of the old world with the new would have been delayed for centuries if not prevented altogether. Those who have read descriptions of the epoch-making voyage of the great Genoese will remember how terrified the sailors became when the wind blew steadily day after day in the same direction, favourable to the course they wished to steer. For they naturally felt how impossible it would be for them ever to return against such a stead-

fast wind as that. They could not possibly imagine any counter current of air that would favour their return, and as they sailed farther and farther from their native shore they doubtless felt that they had bidden it an eternal farewell. It would ill-become us in these later days, when the self-sacrificing labours of a host of patient observers have familiarised us with the conditions obtaining over the whole of the great waste of the deep, to smile at the fears of these pioneers of Atlantic navigation. With a little effort of the imagination we can place ourselves by their sides, and entering into their terrors sympathise with them to the full.

But once the means of return had been discovered, once it was found that northward of a certain parallel the steady north-east wind did not exist, but instead there was a region where variable winds, variable both in force, in direction, but prevalently west or directly favourable to return, the great trade route was established and the whole vast commerce of the western continent was opened up, and a steady chain of vessels began to pass between the two worlds, as they were then thought to be, binding them into one. Still, it was only a beginning, and much remained to be done before the wonderful wind system of the Atlantic ever began to be understood. Besides, it was a leisurely age. Hurried, perhaps, in comparison with that of the pyramid builders, but compared with ours, how sedate and stately in its progress from the twilight of discovery to the glaring sunlight of full knowledge. For instance, how great must have been the consternation of the bold Spanish mariner who first discovered that below a certain parallel of latitude the steady north-east wind, upon which he had been taught to rely, failed, disappeared, and was succeeded by calms and light airs blowing from every quarter of the compass, heavy blinding rains and waterspouts. Slow as the progress of those old clumsy craft was at the best of times and under the most favourable conditions, it now seemed as if escape from this bewildering environment of stagnation must be impossible. The sufferers could not know that they had entered the indeterminate region between the two trades, the belt of equatorial calms, known so well to later generations of seamen as the 'doldrums,' a place of dread, yet to be passed by the constant exercise of watchful seamanship and the taking advantage of every slant, every favouring air until the adjacent steady trade was reached.

This intervening space, whence most of the world's supply of fresh water is derived by the marvellous condensing machinery of

the heavens, varies according to the position of the sun north or south of the line, as the popular phrase goes. That is to say, when the sun appears to be south of the equator the belt of calms and variable winds is narrowest on the northern side of the imaginary line, and *vice versa*. As, however, the south Atlantic is of much greater area than the north, and consequently the celestial influences we have noticed have so much greater play, it follows that the south-east trade winds are much more extended in their scope as well as much steadier in their force and direction than the north-east trades. So much that it is by no means uncommon to find a steady south-east trade carrying a vessel well north of the equator, even as far as ten degrees north latitude, and I have known only one day intervene between losing the south-east wind which we had carried from within sight of Table Mountain, Cape of Good Hope, and catching the north-east trade wind, which sent us flying with our yards braced almost sharp up well into the temperate zone. But I admit that such an experience is unusual.

We must, however, turn to the south-east trade as experienced by the early navigators. They found as they neared the land that it became less steady; while preserving its general direction it was gusty and variable, but that of course troubled them little once they were in sight of land. In those days of imperfect astronomical knowledge it was the great thing to get hold of the land and sweep along it; having plenty of time, delays were not considered as comparable with the sense of security which the knowledge of the proximity of terra firma conferred. Our later wisdom has shown us that modifications of these great air currents are always to be found according to the relative position of the land and the season of the year, meaning the relative position of the sun above, and consequently the incidence of his heat and its rarefaction of the air, and so we have borrowed a Persian word and corrupted it to monsoon, meaning season. This word we have applied to those modified trade winds near the land which exhibit many marked variations from their parent atmospheric stream.

To go into these seasonal variations of the prevalent winds of the trades would be to impart perplexity to what I wish to render simple, namely, the great steady flow of air from the north-east; and yet I cannot help pointing out again that in considering the great movements of the air and sea currents steadiness must always be held a relative term, and what we are bound to term complexity in view of our many observations doubtless resolves itself in the

great scheme of the universe into one harmonious whole obeying one universal law. What that law is belongs to quite another discussion, and being quite unable to make any pronouncement upon it, I say nothing. Now, keeping still to the north Atlantic as being the home of latter-day navigation, we come to the great west winds, the prevalent wind which since the early days of north Atlantic navigation has been made use of to bring ships home to Europe. After long research I find that the origin of this wonderful wind is as mysterious as most of the great natural phenomena, if not more so. It cuts right across, if we may so put it, the southern flow of air which determines the trades, yet everywhere all round the world where it has ample room and verge enough outside the tropics the west wind blows preponderantly, and the greater the ocean space the steadier the brave west wind prevails. Yet here let me say that within my own small experience I have always found it in the southern hemisphere with a tendency to veer, that is, against the movements of the hands of a clock, until it came to south-east, when it would falter, suddenly shift to north-east, and then begin to work round slowly to west again in the same direction.

This, however, is straying far from the north Atlantic, and its extra-tropical winds. The nearest approach to an explanation of why these winds should blow so persistently from the west to west-south-west is that they exemplify a great law of the converse of the easterly touch in the trades. The hot tropical air, descending as it cools to the depleted temperate zone whence the trades were drawn, is moving faster from west to east than the earth's surface where it descends. As in a circulating boiler, equilibrium is established; a steady current of air in one direction is balanced by an opposite wind close to it, relatively speaking. If this be the case it is certainly a cause for wonder that the counter trade is so much less steady in direction and certain in its flow than the trade itself. But perhaps what it lacks in steadiness of course it makes up for in the violence with which it often blows when on its proper course, or from west to south-west. Northerly and southerly winds even with eastering in them blow hard, too, but not for long, and although the easterly wind will sometimes persist in a wonderful way it is but seldom that it reaches the force of a gale. The westerlies, however, may not only be depended upon for their frequency but for their force, and it is no uncommon thing for a sailing ship to run very nearly across the Atlantic before a heavy westerly gale which seems as if it could not blow itself out. Still, the west winds have

their zone, and north of it there is little or no continuity in the direction of the wind; it may blow in any direction and be as violent in one direction as another. This unsteadiness in the farther north may be accounted for by the interference of land, which has, of course, a great influence upon the wind blowing near the surface of the earth, while the upper currents obey other influences with which we are as yet but imperfectly acquainted.

This prevailing wind, before the advent of steam, had a very great effect upon navigation from the time of its discovery, making the return passage from the North American continent always a fairly rapid and certain one as compared with the slow and difficult outward journey, necessitating a great *détour* to escape the full force of the opposite gales. Even now in these days of high-powered steamships, although they do not go out of their way to avoid the westerlies, they are often greatly hindered by them, for it needs no argument to show how tremendous is the force with which a great steamship is thrust against by a gale dead in her teeth. Still the wonderful regularity with which these vessels make their passages both ways shows conclusively that they have succeeded in bidding defiance to the winds, and also that they must very often find what a seaman calls 'slants,' or alterations in the prevailing wind. More, it is often the case that a gale extending over an enormous area and travelling at the rate of, say, one hundred miles a day, will be entered by a sailing ship going in its direction, and as she is travelling with it she will feel its full force for several days with but slight alteration in its direction. But a full-powered steamship going against that gale would soon pass across its area and emerge into the better if unsettled weather in the rear of that gale, for all gales outside the tropics blow in a circular direction, much as hurricanes.

Hitherto I have endeavoured to confine myself to the movements of the winds over the ocean, without taking into account the influence that the land has upon them when they come near it. That, however, is very great, but fortunately can be understood fairly well by the average landsman, who knows from everyday experience how different the movement of wind is in a hilly country to its regularity of force and direction in a level one, or, to make the comparison still more homely, how many variations of wind we find in the streets of a town compared with what it is in the fields, or even in a park which is not too well wooded. It is very

difficult, indeed, in a town to know what the direction of wind is or estimate its force, because of the way in which it is deflected, flung into eddies, suddenly increased or as suddenly calmed, according to the angle on which it strikes obstructions. All these variations are reproduced on a much larger scale by the winds of the sea when they come in contact with the land, according to the configuration of the latter. But what is most wonderful is the way in which a great gale system, approaching with great force and rapidity the coast of Ireland, let us say, from the westward, will suddenly be dissipated, calmed down and become harmless, when it might have been expected to do enormous damage. On the other hand, an ordinary breeze, circulating quite pleasantly and sluggishly in a similar direction, will, upon meeting with the coast, suddenly develop into a terrible gale, devastating the coast and carrying destruction far inland.

This is hard to understand, but it is akin to the way in which, when sailing along a deeply indented coast, the wind will suddenly rush seaward upon a ship lying in a calm, as if some mighty giant had just awakened and hurled an unseen thunderbolt at her. It behoves the mariner to use the utmost caution when sailing near such lands lest his ship should suddenly lose her masts, for these blasts come raging down without the slightest warning. Truly the wind is a force of nature that is most mysterious in all its ways, not only because of its invisibility but because of the strangeness of its behaviour. One particular instance comes to mind which, while easily explainable, is exceedingly strange to observe. On some of our vertical cliffs the herbage grows close to the edge, and sheep graze all along the down, keeping, as a rule, at a good distance from the danger of falling over. But when a gale is blowing right dead on shore, the sheep will be found, not as might be expected far inland taking shelter, but close to the cliff edge. Their experience teaches them that they will find shelter in an almost calm strip. For the stormy blast striking the cliff face rises straight upwards, and acts as a barrier against the wind that would otherwise come horizontally over the top close to the ground. If the wind were visible it would seem to form a sort of covered way, varying in width from the edge to some distance inland, and of a height proportioned to the force of the gale. In the same way, a fence composed of flat palings, set at a distance from each other equal to their width, will be found to form a perfect protection against wind blowing at right angles to it, a cushion of rebounding

air from each paling preventing any wind from getting through the interspaces.

So, as what the wind does on a small scale it will do on the largest scale imaginable, it will be found that in the narrower waters of inland seas and lakes it will be vain to look for steady breezes, and sudden squalls, as well as short-lived but furious tempests, will certainly occur from every quarter of the compass. The Mediterranean Sea, although of great extent, is peculiarly liable to these storms, and the early mariners, who in the infancy of navigation sailed that classic sea, undoubtedly received a first-class education in handling their frail craft, every kind of weather being encountered there, and that at the very shortest notice. But then they were all more or less fatalists, and very apt, when the weather became too bad or the wind was contrary, to furl the big sail and let her drive, feeling that having done all they could, their fate was in the hands of the gods, and nothing that they could do would make any difference. It will be remembered that Luke records in his account of Paul's voyage that 'we strake sail and so were driven.'

But it is time to get into the open ocean once more. The south Atlantic, for the greater part of its area, is under the benign sway of the south-east trades, which, owing to their much greater scope and freedom from hindrances, are steadier in direction and more equable in force by far than their counterpart in the north Atlantic—the north-east trades. So steady and persistent are these southern winds that they are often found to continue well to the northward of the equator, and to reduce that variable space, so much dreaded by all sailing ship mariners, which lies between the margins of the two trade winds to quite a narrow strip. While, however, this latter state of affairs is entirely acceptable to the seafarer who is dependent upon his sails and anxious to get his ship along, it is doubtful whether it is not evil for the world at large. For here, more than anywhere else, is the great reservoir of the prime necessity of life—rain. Here may daily be seen the lading of clouds from the broad bosom of the ocean, not by the almost invisible and slow process of evaporation, which goes on all day and every day, but by the agency of the mysterious waterspout. This is the great waterspout field, and one may vainly speculate as to how many thousands of tons of pure fresh water may be seen in one day drawn and transmitted from the broad, bitter bosom of the ocean to be carried away, far from the sea,

and replenish the springs which feed the rivers of the world and make it habitable. Of all the uses of the sea to mankind, and they are many, I suppose there can be none greater than this, and yet it is an aspect of ocean that very few people give a second thought to; they seem to take for granted the existence of some subterranean machinery for the production of fresh water and the filling of the ever flowing rivers. It is so easy to forget how, during a dry season, which will probably coincide with the more than usually close approximation of the trade winds to each other, the great rivers will show an almost alarming diminution of their waters, small rivers will run dry altogether, and wells will cease to supply water.

Nowhere in all the oceans is there to be found so pleasant and placid a region as that which lies between Africa and America, south of the line. Within that vast space, bounded on the south by a fairly well defined line, drawn from east to west in about twenty-five degrees south, storms are unknown. The steady, gentle circulation of the atmosphere here apparently produces no such violent stirrings up as are fairly common in other oceans, and at all seasons of the year it may be safely navigated in a small boat. It is a striking proof of the non-maritime character of the inhabitants of the West Coast of South Africa that none of them in past ages found their way to the American continent, so easy and smooth is the passage. At any rate, no trace of them has ever been found in America until the beginning of the accursed slave trade between the two countries, and that did not commence until after the Renaissance, or in comparatively modern times. But with the advent of steam this beautiful expanse of ocean began to be less accounted of. It was the paradise of the sailor, who often boasted that he could sail for thousands of miles without touching a brace, except to freshen the nip, *i.e.* to take a pull so that the ropes should not be too long bent at the one spot.

It is an ocean, too, singularly free from obstructions in the shape of islands. Trinidad, and the rocks of Martin Vaz, Fernando Noronha, Ascension, St. Helena, these few peaks of huge submerged mountains rear their heads above its quiet waters, mostly at vast distances from one another, but are quite unable to do anything by way of disturbing the majestic flow of the trades. And in its centre there is a space large enough to contain a mighty continent where now no man ever comes, with the exception, perhaps, of a solitary New Bedford Whaler, one of the half-dozen or

so still pursuing this historic trade in the ocean solitudes. It is, too, the most evenly deep ocean. Down its centre runs the South Atlantic ridge, which shoals to 7,000 feet, but has an average depth of 17,000 feet. The islands before mentioned spring almost perpendicularly from such stupendous depths as these.

When, however, we leave the fairly well marked southern limit of the trade wind we enter at once upon a region of unrest, and what the sailor calls emphatically 'dirty weather,' and bid farewell to comfortable navigation. For here, between the edge of the trade wind and the westerlies, will be found all the sailor most heartily desires to avoid. Indeed, close to the South American coast the squalls are so heavy and lasting as almost to deserve the name of small hurricanes, while the suddenness of their oncoming is not the least of the perils they present to the seaman. Disaster here awaits the careless mariner, coming almost out of a blue sky; security is only to be purchased by constant vigilance. It is, as it were, the preliminary schooling for the mariner who is about to face the great southern sea in all its stern weather conditions after the somewhat enervating luxuriousness of the south-east trade. Yet this unpleasant region has its compensating advantages. Calms are rare, and irregular though the winds may be, the skilful seaman will so utilise them that he will soon get his ship far enough south to catch the first push of the brave west winds of the southern hemisphere.

And now we come to what is perhaps the most wonderful wind in the world, or more properly on the earth's surface. A wind that sweeps, with scarcely a break, right round the globe. A wind that, in my own small experience, has enabled a ship to run five thousand miles at an average rate of twelve knots an hour, though that ship is propelled solely by the wind. A wind so steady, both in force and direction, as to require scarcely any trimming of the yards for a week at a time, but withal so fierce, so strong, that everything aloft needs to be of the best, and the courage of the master correspondingly high to take full advantage of it. A splendid wind for a strong ship and a brave man, but a terrible wind for a weakling. This has been the great racing ground for the clippers in the days when the white winged fleets dominated the sea. To this vast stretch of gale-swept ocean the eager skipper looked hopefully forward when fretting in the doldrums, and irritated beyond measure by catspaws and dead calms with ever-recurring deluges of rain. As day succeeded day and the track

on the chart showed as a closely set succession of dots, a paltry forty or fifty miles between each, the ardent navigator comforted himself by looking forward to the time when, with every square sail set and tested to its limit of endurance, his gallant ship would go flying eastward, spurning the shortened degrees of longitude behind her at the rate of seven or eight a day.

Ah ! it is a noble sea and a noble wind, but in order to take full advantage of it certain things are absolutely necessary. Some of them, such as the seaworthiness of a ship and the courage of the master to carry on, I have already alluded to. The latter means very much. I have been in a ship running the easting down under very small canvas, and making very bad weather of it, shipping tremendously heavy water over all, and have seen another ship come flying past, going the same way, with every square sail set and scarcely shipping any water at all. She passed us as if we were anchored, much to the disgust of everybody on board, including the man responsible for our loitering. Another condition is that the master shall know just where to strike the happy mean, the useful parallel of latitude between too much wind and too little. It has often happened that an earnest skipper, full of confidence in his ship, and eager to make a rapid passage, has gone too far south, not being content with the strength of the wind he had, and found the wind so strong that he could not carry sail to it, or carrying the sail to it has lost his masts, and with them all chance of his making a rapid passage. On the other hand, a too prudent skipper has kept too far to the northward, and found the westerlies so light and variable that his ship could not do herself justice, and he, too, lost his passage. And in any case it is a truly marvellous thing that in this vast, landless region there should be so steady and strong a wind available to carry a ship swiftly round the world. For as the journey is from America to Australia eastward, so is the passage from Australia to America, still eastward, thrust on that tremendous ocean journey by the strenuous easterly wind. This, however, is carrying us too far for the present, because the great Indian Ocean comes next for consideration, with its wind systems scarcely less complicated than are those of its currents. Still, before leaving the question of the great westerlies, let us be clearly understood that, in spite of what has been said of their persistence and regularity, they do not at all compare with the trade winds in the steadiness of flow characterising the latter. They obey the law

of storms, and perform the usual revolutions about an advancing axis, albeit their area is so tremendous and their lateral progress so slow that it often seems to the navigator as if they were blowing steadily in one direction for a week or more at a time, especially if his speed is nearly equal to theirs.

Just a little north of forty degrees south the westerly winds begin to lose their distinctive character, and, according to the season of the year, become light and variable. There is, in fact, a line of doldrums between the westerlies (called by meteorologists anti-trade or passage winds) and the southern limit of the south-east trade, which is found in the Indian Ocean as in the South Atlantic and Pacific, but with considerable modifications. Naturally the seaman wishes to avoid this belt of variables as far as possible, and thus it happens that when bound to the upper part of the Indian Ocean anywhere he keeps within the influence of the westerly winds as long as he possibly can without making too great a *détour*, and then hauls sharply northward. Yet I have known cases where daring and enterprising masters, bound to Bombay between April and September, have hauled to the northward very soon after passing the meridian of the Cape of Good Hope, and made the passage through the Mozambique Channel, or between the great island of Madagascar and the African continent. But such a course is not usual and hardly to be recommended (of course, I am speaking of ships dependent upon the wind for the propelling power throughout), for the more intricate navigation and the greater probability of meeting with light and variable winds far more than compensate for the saving in distance. Yet it must have been used by the early Portuguese discoverers, who would not leave the land unless compelled, and worked their way along a coast without any reference to the time it took, for time was of little value in those leisurely days.

GENERAL MARBOT AND HIS MEMOIRS.

BY J. HOLLAND ROSE, LITT.D.

FORTUNE full often plays tricks with reputations. Her wheel raises aloft the fame of many a man who, in his lifetime, was comparatively little known, and depresses that of celebrities who once enjoyed world-wide renown. In art, literature, and politics, the caprices of the giddy jade have strangely reversed the confident predictions of contemporaries, but perhaps her freaks have nowhere been more surprising than in the sphere of war. To limit ourselves to the Napoleonic period, which we now have in view, who could have believed that Augereau, the leader of the 'fighting division' of the Army of Italy, who, according to Bonaparte's own admission, 'saved France at Castiglione,' who had himself strapped to his horse at Eylau so that illness might not keep him from the fierce delight of leading his corps against the Russians on that snowy waste—that Augereau would lose his hold on the thoughts of Frenchmen and have no statue erected to his memory? What little is known of that burly Marshal, the most eager fighter and most expert swordsman of France, comes through the Memoirs of his young aide-de-camp, Marbot, a name rarely heard until near the close of those great days of France. At least, that is the source of the knowledge of ordinary people about the swaggering Marshal and a score of his compeers. It is safe to say that readers of Marbot's fascinating pages have there picked up as many lifelike details about the paladins of Napoleon as they would from reams of biographical articles and whole chapters of scientific military works. The well-known words of Horace respecting the power of the inspired bard to rescue the fame of heroes from the long night of oblivion may almost hold good for Marbot. He has made many an exploit live for us; he has lit up the characters of men who would otherwise be mere names; and there is an attractive quality in his work which promises to give it an abiding hold on all who admire a spirited narrative of scenes of the camp and the field.

The question of the genuineness of the Marbot Memoirs has sometimes been disputed, but probably on insufficient grounds.

The external evidence tells in their favour. They were well known to several prominent Frenchmen long before the date of publication. The Comte de Paris is known to have perused them while in manuscript form; and the *Nouvelle Dictionnaire de Biographie Universelle* (edition of 1860) refers to them as being comparatively well known at that time, some thirty years before publication. Marbot died at Paris in 1854. He seems to have been rather unpopular with leading persons in the Orleanist time (1830-1848); and readers of the high-flying passages in his Memoirs will understand why; but he was enough of a public character to have his doings and writings noticed with some precision; and this lends weight to the external evidence in favour of the genuineness of the Memoirs which bear his name. We may pronounce it to be satisfactory, if not altogether convincing.

But the chief test of the genuineness of writings lies, after all, in the internal evidence: that is, in the correspondence of the narrative with the actions, conduct, and characteristics of the person who claims to be the author. In very few cases can the external evidence set all doubts at rest. In order to trace the life-history of a manuscript, we need a great number of minute details respecting the dates of composition of its several parts and the care taken by those who were responsible for its preservation. These are very rarely forthcoming in such a way as to satisfy the sceptic, and, as a rule, he will trust to his own independent knowledge respecting the facts set forth, and to his perception of the agreement which the manuscript throughout exhibits with the known peculiarities of the reputed writer.

Now, as regards the personal flavour, if I may use the term, the Memoirs decidedly smack of Marbot. The boyish, rambling, but high-spirited recital of the earlier parts is evidently the outpouring of the fertile mind of a very youthful officer, who thinks well of the world in general, still better of France, and best of all of himself. The note of egotism sounds persistently through every page of the Memoirs. At first it is a sharply staccato note. Everything is going well with Marbot and the French army in the best of all possible worlds, that of the first decade of the nineteenth century. He has a good word for nearly everyone—with one prominent exception soon to be noted. Generals like Augereau and Masséna, who soon lost their early popularity, figure well in his pages, and many of the earlier episodes, if touched up by a skilled hand, would almost challenge comparison with certain

passages in the *Three Musketeers*. But in and after 1812 the style loses its exuberance : we notice the growth of a certain bitterness of tone which, while it detracts from the pleasure of reading, serves indirectly to confirm the genuineness of the narrative as a whole. To sum up this part of our inquiry, we may say that the personality revealed in the Memoirs agrees with the personality of Marbot.

When we approach the question of the correctness of the Memoirs, we come on to very different ground. Sometimes it is assumed that, if memoirs can be proved to be untrue to fact, therefore they may be, or even must be, spurious. This is by no means the case. Persons who hold this opinion would seem to base their reasoning on the assumption that correctness is the characteristic of French memoirs. Nothing could be further from the truth. Their characteristic is incorrectness—open, obvious, almost ostentatious embroidering on the plain pattern of real life. No very long time need be spent in comparing the statements of French memoirs with ascertained facts in order to convince historical students of the general truth of this assertion. Memoir-writers were not at all concerned with advancing the cause of historical investigation. Fortunately for their readers, they lived in pre-scientific days. Their aim was to put together entertaining narratives for their families and friends; and the first requisite of success was to exhibit the writer in picturesque situations, or, in default of those, to show how he held the fate of nations in his hands during some tortuous intrigue. We must further remember that the French are essentially an artistic people; and to such a race, as to the ancient Greeks, the one unpardonable crime was dullness and baldness in narration. To artists possessed of creative power the temptation to touch up, adorn, and illuminate is irresistible. Hence comes the charm of French memoirs. Speaking generally, we may venture to assert of all memoirs that their attractiveness is in inverse proportion to their correctness; and, when the captious critic groans over some exaggeration or misstatement more startling than usual, let him seek consolation in the reflection that if the memoirs are not true to fact, they are at least true to character.

From all that we can glean about the life and character of Marbot, his Memoirs may find shelter under this last most comprehensive formula. Either Fortune showered on him as a youth the most astounding favours by thrusting him forward at the very time when, and to the very place where, great events were occurring;

or else the fickle goddess came in the guise of memory and enabled him in his old age to view those far-off events through the blissful mirage of romance. Which of these explanations is correct it is not always easy to say. But certainly the Memoirs show us Marbot as always participating in the most dramatic and exciting incidents. His luck in this respect eclipsed that even of the veriest fire-eaters of the sensational romance. As a child, his fondness for mimicking cats led him to thrust his head through the cat-door, and get it fixed, until the alarmed parents had recourse to bodily force and the lancet. At the siege of Genoa he was present when an English bombshell fell among his group and exploded—fortunately harming no one. By way of revenge the French gunners planted a shell in the middle of a British brig, which forthwith sank with all hands; an episode suspiciously like that which is known to have happened off Boulogne some four years later.

Even more remarkable are Marbot's rides with despatches. Take, for instance, his crossing over the Splügen Pass in order to carry news from Masséna in Italy to Augereau's corps in the Breisgau (1805). On his journey into Italy by that same route, he had accomplished the feat on horseback, at a time when the pass 'was almost impracticable.' But on the return that wonderful horse was not available, for it froze hard; 'horses fell at every step'; the two guides, to whom he had paid the sum of 600 francs, refused to go on; and it was only Marbot's energy and his appeal to their loyalty which made the little party struggle on to the inn at the foot of the northern slopes. Unfortunately, Marbot overdoes the description; for he states that if night had overtaken them on the mountain, they must all have perished. But did not the guides realise that same indubitable fact?

Events of the same doubtful description occur in nearly all of Marbot's great rides; so that one is constantly reminded of the fact that he hailed from the district of Quercy, which is not far from the borders of Gascony. At the end of his ride from Madrid to Bayonne, when he bore the news of the suppression of the heroic rising of the men of Madrid on May 2, 1808, he was privileged to hear not only the confidential remarks of Napoleon himself, but even to overhear Charles IV. of Spain and his Queen taunt their son (the *de facto* King of Spain, Ferdinand VII.) with being the real instigator of that revolt and the author of all the troubles in the Peninsula. Certainly this aide-de-camp had marvellously good fortune. Napoleon called Masséna 'the spoilt child of Victory.'

In similar phraseology we may dub Marbot the pet of Mercury, whether as news-hearer, news-bearer, or news-teller.

In the incidents just noticed we have had to use common sense as guide; and that sage counsellor perforce pronounces each of those cases 'not proven.' But sometimes Marbot ventures beyond the comparatively safe domain of personal adventure, and essays to describe historical events. It may be well to examine his account of a few events on which we now have exact information.

The first is that strange and little-known episode, 'The Plot of the Placards' of the year 1802. M. Augustin-Thierry has recently thrown a flood of light on that conspiracy by investigating the police archives of the French Government.¹ Availing ourselves of his guidance, we can now trace the course of that military intrigue. It originated in a knot of discontented officers of the 'Army of the West,' the force which had long been engaged in the thankless yet most dangerous task of curbing or hunting down the royalist bands of Brittany. (We note in passing that the number of the 'Army of the West' was 15,000, and that Marbot gives it as 80,000.) Yet, for all their hardships, the 'blues' of Brittany earned not a word of praise from the First Consul. With rags and arrears of pay as their lot, they fell to grumbling against Napoleon; they charged him with running away from his army in Egypt; with coquetting openly with the Pope—it was the time of the 'Concordat' (1802)—with preferring the trimmers and *ci-devant* nobles of Paris to the men who had saved the cause of the Republic in the fanatically royalist West. By way of retort the First Consul ordered off battalion after battalion of these *grogards* to St. Domingo, despite the desertion of the men and the protests of their commander, Bernadotte. This diplomatic chief managed to keep the most discontented body, the 82nd half-brigade, at Rennes, the capital of Brittany, and with the officers there and at other large military centres he seems to have concerted means for arranging some movement in the army which might lead up to a demonstration, or even a conspiracy, against the First Consul. Bernadotte's share in the affair is obscure, and probably will remain so; for he had the tact to proceed to Paris at the time when the preparations neared completion, and left the decisive steps to be taken by subordinates at Rennes. M. Augustin-Thierry, however, gives reasons, far different from those advanced by Marbot, for suspecting him. Probably Moreau, a Breton by birth but a staunch Republican by

¹ *The Plot of the Placards*, translated by A. G. Chater.

conviction, sympathised with the aims of the malcontents, and would have joined them had all gone well.

But all did not go well. The subordinates at Rennes were not the men to carry through a plot to a successful issue. Their first task was to see to the printing of a great number of placards inviting the French soldiery to throw off the yoke of the First Consul. The work was done so clumsily that a prominent defect in one of the capital letters led to the arrest and ruin of the unlucky printer; but the disclosure of the scheme was due mainly to the faintheartedness of a young subaltern, Auguste Rapatel, who was to have sent off by post a large batch of these placards from Paris. Imprudently he confided the secret to his mistress, a girl named Félicie, who, being in an interesting condition, stormed at him as doubly a traitor, and finally persuaded him to make a confession of the whole affair. The revelations made by other accessories to the plot, General Simon and the printer Chausseblanche, soon demolished the flimsy structure. The subordinates were severely punished; the 82nd was sent off promptly to that hotbed of yellow fever, St. Domingo; but Bernadotte and Moreau went scot free, apparently because the power of the latter and the marriage of the former with the sister-in-law of Joseph Bonaparte made it undesirable to push inquiries too far. Such is the conclusion of M. Augustin-Thierry, as well as of other French historians, MM. Welschinger and Guillon.

Now, the narrative given by Marbot of this whole affair is unusually full; it abounds in striking scenes, and it aims at implicating Bernadotte. But nearly every important fact is either misstated or passed over in silence. Marbot's spite against Bernadotte is such that he accuses him of having cruelly made a tool of Adolphe Marbot, aide-de-camp of that general, and elder brother of the writer; whereas Bernadotte can be proved to be innocent on that count. Further, the Memoirs contain not a word about Rapatel and his mistress, or the printer Chausseblanche; the parts assigned to Simon and others are strangely distorted, and the account of the collapse of the effort of the 82nd at Rennes is ascribed to the fact that its colonel had forgotten to shave, and, on going back to his room in order to carry out that operation, had his sword promptly seized by a loyal officer and gendarmes. So glaring are the inaccuracies in Marbot's account that M. Augustin-Thierry, who has now pieced together the puzzle in an altogether scholarly and convincing way, seeks, in an Appendix, to prove the spurious-

ness of the Memoirs. To this I must demur. The plot was an underground affair, in which the subordinates, Adolphe Marbot included, knew only what concerned them and them alone. Adolphe Marbot seems to have misrepresented even that part of the affair which concerned him and Bernadotte; but he doubtless added various details which the younger brother then proceeded to garnish in the manner to which we are accustomed in all parts of his racy narrative. The incident of the colonel's shaving is quite Marbotesque.

Let us now follow our author to the field of Austerlitz. There in his description of the battle he evidently drew largely on the account of those very historians the complexity and haziness of whose narratives he himself decried. We find the traditional story of the battle, and need not refer to any episode except the dramatic *finale*, when the Austro-Russian left wing was 'engulfed' in the Lake of Satschan. The ice, we read, was very thick, and some five or six thousand men of the retreating host had gained the middle of the lake in safety, when Napoleon ordered the artillery of his Guard to fire at the ice. We may now quote Marbot's words: 'The ice broke at countless points, and a mighty cracking was heard. The water, oozing through the fissures, soon covered the floes, and we saw thousands of Russians, with their horses, guns, and wagons, slowly settle down into the depths. It was a horribly majestic spectacle which I shall never forget. In an instant the surface of the lake was covered with everything that could swim.' Very majestic! though the effect is somewhat marred, at least for the critical reader, by the statement that the guns and wagons settled down slowly into the depths apparently some time *after* the surface was covered with swimmers.

But let that pass, as a little incongruity resulting from Marbot's fatal fondness for adverbial phrases. The description of the battle is at an end, so we think. But no; Marbot remembers a final incident in which he played no insignificant part. On the next day a 'poor Russian non-commissioned officer' was observed about a hundred yards away from the bank by Napoleon and his Staff. Various clumsy efforts were made to reach him, until it occurred to Marbot that he would strip himself naked and swim to the floe to which the wounded man had clung all the night. A lieutenant followed his example, and by means of incredible exertions they brought the poor fellow ashore on the floe, which by the end of the time was 'quite insufficient to bear his weight.'

How far Marbot's account of this incident and of the catastrophe on the ice deserves to be credited may be judged by reference to the following facts. It has now been ascertained from the report of the '*fischmeister*,' who was ordered after the battle to dredge the lake, that thirty cannon, 150 corpses of horses, but only three human corpses were found.¹ Further, the fact that they were all found in marshy corners of the lake, over which the fugitives had evidently tried to rush during the rout, entirely disposes of the majestic spectacle described by Marbot. Finally, we can account for the concoction of this spectacular narrative. Marbot here followed the hint first given in Napoleon's bulletin as to the terrible sensation caused by the cries of the drowning Russians as dusk settled on the field of Austerlitz. Where the master pointed the way several memoir-writers pressed on with loyal eagerness. Ségur and Lejeune, among others, rushed in; but Marbot far outstripped them all in the audacity of his invention.

As for the story of the wounded Russian brought to land on that crumbling ice-floe, it might have passed muster had not the writer described the incident as occurring in presence of the Emperor. We know that Napoleon on December 3, 1805, had far more important matters on hand, in garnering the fruits of victory, than to have time to spare for the superintendence of the rescue of marooned Russian officers. Marbot's vanity here led him to crown the story by adding a detail which enables the critical reader to demolish the picturesque little edifice.

It is impossible to follow Marbot's *gasconnades* in detail through these charming pages. Two other examples of his methods of handling facts must suffice. All students of the Peninsular War remember the pride and presumption with which Masséna in 1810 made a frontal attack on Wellington's almost impregnable position at Busaco. Marbot in his own account figures as the would-be saviour of the French army from that mad attempt. He describes the trick by which he spoke, within earshot of the Marshal, of the possibility of turning the British position by the flank march which ultimately had the desired effect. Masséna—says the writer—seemed to be convinced by those remarks, but afterwards unaccountably recurred to the original design, with results that were disastrous to France. The incident is plausibly told, and cannot altogether be controverted; but we know that the news of the existence of the pass on Wellington's flank was brought in by a

¹ *Napoleonic Studies*, by J. H. Rose, pp. 383-4.

peasant. The manner of its bringing and further details have recently been disclosed in the Memoirs of General Marquis d'Hautpoul, whose account serves to substantiate the accredited narrative, and therefore to discredit that of Marbot. The account of this episode by Marbot is all the more surprising when we remember that at many points he based his narrative on that of Napier. Among several cases which might be cited we may notice the similarity of his account of an episode in the Battle of Fuentes d'Onoro to that of our great historian of the Peninsular War. Napier, in describing the interval that occurred in the middle of that extraordinary *mêlée*, when Montbrun's cavalry was held at bay only by the firm demeanour of Craufurd's Light Division, writes: 'The vast plain was covered with commissariat animals and camp-followers . . . all in such confused concourse that the Light Division squares appeared but as specks.' With this compare Marbot's words, describing the same tumult in the allied ranks: 'In the midst of it the three squares just formed by Craufurd's infantry appeared as mere specks (*points*).' Indeed, it is clear that Marbot took his account of the whole battle almost bodily from Napier. Sometimes he imitated that historian in the manner of his narrative while altering the matter in a sense congenial to French predilections. An example of this occurs in his summary of the results of Masséna's campaign in Portugal, which gives a total loss to the French army of only 10,000 men; while Napier's estimates, framed on far more trustworthy data, imply a loss three times as great.

The note of egotism is nowhere more prominent than in Marbot's description of the Battle of Waterloo. He was stationed on the French right wing, which sought to hold back the Prussian advance in the afternoon and evening; and in a letter written in the year 1830 he claims credit for having sent news to the Emperor's headquarters that the column, which appeared some distance away to the right of that wing, was a Prussian column. He also ventures to state that he received a reply to the effect that the force in question could only be that of Grouchy sent in pursuit of the Prussians on June 17, and that, if any Prussians were thereabouts, they could only be stragglers flying before Grouchy's advance. Marbot then states that he had to obey his previous orders and press on as far as possible in the direction of Wavre. Now, no despatch such as Marbot refers to was issued from the French headquarters; also we know that about 1.30 P.M. on the day of the battle Napoleon was altogether in doubt whether a force that began to appear

some distance away on the French right was that of Grouchy or Blücher. Finally it is certain that no French regiment pressed on far towards Wavre, as Marbot leads us to suppose his did. Some squadrons of cavalry scouted in that direction, but his account is wholly inconsistent with the known facts, and only furnishes another example of his incurable vanity in trying always to pose as the hero of every incident and the potential saviour of the French army from disaster.

The conclusion of our brief inquiry would appear, then, to be as follows : that while Marbot's Memoirs may probably be regarded as genuine, yet they are of very little value as a contribution to the history of that epoch. They are vitiated by the persistent efforts of the writer to represent himself as the chief figure in events where he was little more than an insignificant accessory. But, after all, we do not go to Marbot's Memoirs for facts ; and if we view them in their proper relation—namely, as illustrations of the stirring scenes of that *épopeë* of France—we shall find them of no slight value, as they certainly are of enthralling interest.

ALCOHOL AND TOBACCO.

A LARGE amount of attention has of late been directed, by sanitarians, philanthropists, and social reformers, to the possible action upon the community, and especially upon the young, of the national habits in relation to the consumption of alcohol and of tobacco, even in cases in which these habits do not approach the confines of what would commonly be described as excess. At a meeting recently held in the City of London, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, men of business were seriously invited, by medical and other speakers, to consider the possibly detrimental effect of the ordinary use of alcohol upon 'commercial efficiency'; and juvenile smoking is beginning to be seriously regarded by many observers as at least an element in producing an alleged tendency towards physical deterioration among important sections of the English people.

In these circumstances the prominent positions held by alcohol and tobacco as contributors to the national revenue, as the bases of great industries, and as sources of gratification to many thousands of persons, although they should in no way render us unmindful of any evil influences which the agents in question may exert, should undoubtedly render us careful in scrutinising the character and value of any evidence which may be brought against them. If we take first the effects of alcohol, it is much to be regretted, in the interests of truth, that the attainment of complete scientific knowledge of these effects has been impeded by a certain element of fanaticism which has frequently been displayed by the advocates of total abstinence, even when they have been persons from whom calmness of judgment and adherence to fact might not unreasonably have been expected; and, among the forms of mischief brought about by this fanaticism, none have been more manifest than those of a reactionary character, producing a popular tendency to dismiss, as exaggerations, even the most reasonable warnings against the seductions of indulgence. No one, probably, now denies the ill-consequences which attend upon alcoholic excess, or seeks to palliate the evils of habitual drunkenness; but the question of the legitimate uses of alcohol is

still much under debate, and the controversialists appear to have no present prospect of arriving at any agreement with regard to it.

The animal body is interpenetrated, in all its parts, by a structure known to anatomists as 'connective tissue,' which envelops every fibre of nerve or muscle, every blood-vessel, every cell of nerve, or gland, or bone, or fat, in such a way that if all other structures were abolished or withdrawn the connective tissue would still represent the bodily outline in its entirety, and, if possessed of sufficient rigidity, would preserve its unaltered form. It follows that any general contraction of this all-pervading tissue must compress the structures which it surrounds and contains, and must tend at once to diminish the blood-supply which they receive, to check the activity with which their ordinary functions are performed, and to lead eventually to structural degeneration of their essential parts. Some contraction of this kind appears to be the process by which the best known of the admittedly injurious effects of alcohol are produced. The actual contraction and its effects are alike most manifest in the larger glands, such as the liver and kidneys, and in the brain.

When alcohol is taken in small quantity, in a freely diluted condition, and combined with agreeable flavouring matters, as in a glass of light beer or cider, it seems to have no other appreciable immediate effect than the relief of a thirst which itself is often of a very artificial character, and any superfluity of actual water which may thus be swallowed is speedily removed from the system through natural channels. To what extent the alcoholic element is removed together with the water, or to what extent it is retained to be afterwards burnt up and eliminated in the respiratory process, is a question on which physiological chemistry does not yet appear to be able to speak with certainty. Different conclusions with regard to it have been reached by different observers, and have seemed, sometimes at least, to harmonise suspiciously with their previously declared opinions.

When alcohol is taken in a more concentrated form, as in a glass of generous wine, the pleasure afforded to the palate is distinctly enhanced by a sense of comfortable warmth in the region of the stomach, and by a feeling of exhilaration which speedily succeeds thereto. The sense of warmth is due to the local effect of the stimulant in causing a flow of blood towards the stimulated part; and is the probable foundation of the popular belief in alcohol

as a cold-resisting agency. This belief is absolutely erroneous ; for nothing can be more certain than that a dose of alcohol lowers the temperature of the body as a whole, and that anything more than a very small quantity of it is definitely injurious when severe cold is to be encountered. The feeling of exhilaration is probably due partly to the sensation of warmth itself, but in great measure to the first general effect of alcohol upon the nervous system—an effect which chiefly displays itself as a slackening or removal of restraint. Many bodily operations are habitually controlled by the nervous system in the sense of being ‘inhibited,’ that is to say, of being kept within certain limits. There is a nerve, for example, which restrains the action of the heart ; and it is known that, if the functions of this nerve be checked or suspended, the heart will beat wildly and irregularly. In the same way, judging from analogy and experience, some restraint is exercised by a well-balanced nervous system over the order and the rapidity of succession of the thoughts, with the result that a certain gravity and decorum are maintained, and that the facts of life are regarded in their correct relative proportions to each other. Under the influence of alcoholic stimulation the normal grip upon the thoughts, so to speak, early becomes relaxed, the currents of associated ideas become more rapid, the possible consequences of injudicious speech are forgotten or ignored, and checks which would be imposed by prudence are apt to be cast aside. Under this influence, if it be not carried too far, the shy or silent man may become a brilliant talker, and an ordinarily sluggish brain may be roused into temporary activity. It would be through this action that Addison, according to Macaulay, ‘found that wine broke the spell which lay on his fine intellect,’ and by its aid overcame the timidity which, in the presence of strangers, arrested his unrivalled powers as a conversationalist. Everyone has seen farther stages of the same effect, during which increased rapidity of thought has passed into incoherence, and incoherence into stupor, while volitional control over muscular movements was early impaired and ultimately suspended. The resulting condition may be described as acute alcoholic poisoning, and is clearly due to the presence of alcohol in the circulating blood, and to its deleterious effect upon the cells of the brain and other nervous centres to which it is conveyed. The acute stage is usually followed by headache, by nausea or sickness, and by various evidences of severe disturbance of the digestive functions ; and these consequences pass away as the alcohol

is gradually eliminated from the system. A single occasion of drunkenness—that is, of acute alcoholic poisoning—may probably be perfectly recovered from, leaving no physical injury behind.

It is a favourite contention of total abstainers that alcohol is never of any real use in the organism, that any temporary increase of physical energy or of intellectual activity which it may apparently produce is always followed by a corresponding or even a greater degree of reaction, and that it contributes nothing to the repair or the maintenance of the tissues. It does not appear to me that either of these contentions can be maintained. I have often experienced, or at least have believed, that, when tired or jaded, a glass of wine has helped me to pull myself together for an effort to meet some urgent professional requirement; and I have not been conscious of any subsequent depression. I have seen, and so, I think, must every man in large medical practice, many instances in which life has been maintained for long periods upon alcohol alone, or at least upon the forms and combinations in which it is commonly administered, and in which, if it did not actually maintain the bodily tissues, it yet saved them from destruction by being itself burnt off as fuel for the maintenance of animal heat. I attach far more importance to sick-room experiences of this kind than to laboratory experiments, even when these have not been instituted merely for the support of a foregone conclusion; and I think there is valid evidence that, in the great majority of persons, a small amount of alcohol may in some way be utilised in the economy, and that, either by sustaining heat, by inhibiting waste, or by supplying material for the maintenance of tissue, it may be used up with beneficial results, or at least without injury, to the consumer. There is an apparent, but I think not a real contradiction, between the statement that alcohol ordinarily lowers the bodily temperature and the statement that it may in certain circumstances supply fuel by which the temperature is maintained. When there is already an abundant fuel supply, alcohol appears to diminish the rate of combustion; although, when there is a deficiency, it may itself be utilised. If we throw a quantity of coal dust upon a brisk fire we shall damp it down for a time, but we shall also preserve it from complete extinction for a considerable period.

It is nevertheless probable that the amount of alcohol which can be habitually consumed beneficially, or even quite harmlessly, is, for the majority of people, far less than they are commonly

accustomed to believe ; and it is also probable that the customary sensations of average well-being, of which the majority of moderate drinkers are presumably conscious, usually represent a standard of health somewhat lower than that which would actually be attainable by the same individuals. In other words, there is reason to believe that the ordinary citizen in comfortable circumstances consumes, as a rule, more alcohol than is good for him, or than he can eliminate without some degree of injury ; and that to some unknown extent he thereby diminishes his prospects of longevity and his power of resisting the inroads of disease. Whether the pleasure afforded by the alcohol be worth the consequences of consuming it is, of course, a question for individual consideration ; but it is certain that hundreds of prosperous men die in the course of their seventh decade, or even earlier, who, if they had been total abstainers, would probably have lived ten years longer.

When alcohol is habitually consumed in excess of the moderate quantity which can be utilised with benefit, or at least without apparent injury, the excess appears to bring about a long succession of nutritive changes, of which the immediate cause, as already mentioned, is a slow overgrowth and contraction of the connective tissue, apt to be especially manifest in those portions of it which form the supporting fabric of the brain, the liver, and the kidneys. The slowly increasing interstitial compression to which these great vital organs are thus subjected has the twofold effect of gradually cutting off the blood-supply which is essential to the performance of their functions, and of strangling and destroying the cells which constitute the essential portions of their structure. The rate of progress of such changes, and the speed with which they undermine the powers of life, are very variable, but may perhaps be said to depend mainly upon three factors—the amount and regularity of the alcoholic excess, the amount of food consumed, and the amount of exercise taken. The influence of the first of these factors must be so obvious as to require no consideration, unless it be necessary to point out that different persons display different powers of resistance to the effects of alcohol, and that no complete or sufficient explanation of these differences has hitherto been forthcoming. The amount of food consumed is a matter of supreme importance, and the more so because a certain degree of habitual excess in eating is scarcely condemned by public opinion, or regarded in its true light by many who would be described as educated people. It has been well said that vast numbers

of persons 'dig their graves with their teeth,' or, in other words, that they habitually consume an amount of superfluous food which casts a heavy burden upon the organs by which such superfluity is removed. These organs are mainly the liver and the kidneys, and to overtax them is to permit the body to be poisoned by its own waste. It is manifest that if they are not only overtaxed, but at the same time impeded in their activity by changes in their connective tissue produced by alcohol, the two evils will react upon and aggravate each other, and that the effects of self-poisoning will be increased and accentuated by those of structural degeneration. The consequences of common habits of life may be seen any day in the obituary list of the 'Times' paper, referring, as it does, exclusively or chiefly to the well-to-do. That list, for the day on which these words are written, and which was taken absolutely at random, contained thirty-five names, and the ages of the deceased persons were given in twenty-seven instances. Among them were seven persons in their eighth decade, and one gentleman of ninety-four; but the ages of the remaining nineteen reduced the average age at death to sixty-seven, and, when the eight long-lived persons were omitted, the average age of the nineteen was only sixty years and six months. People are said to die of gout, or of heart-disease, or of kidney disease, or of liver disease, or of a complication of these maladies; but what they really die of, when they die prematurely, is usually degeneration of tissue consequent upon superfluous food and upon superfluous wine, or upon the daily recurring overtaxation of the vital organs by which the processes of nutrition are conducted or controlled. Sometimes we find the premature death ascribed to pneumonia, or to influenza, or to accident; and we may generally read between the lines of the announcement that the powers of vital resistance had previously been reduced below their proper standard. What is the meaning of the annual exodus of rich people to foreign watering-places and 'cures' except that good cookery and fine wines have tempted them to the daily over-indulgence of undisciplined appetites, and that they seek, in comparative or complete abstinence, and in violent medication, what is at best a temporary relief from discomfort, and a temporary renewal of their power to do violence to the dictates of nature and of common sense? 'Nature,' Sir Andrew Clark used to say, 'never forgets and seldom forgives.'

The foregoing observations are intended, of course, to apply only to persons, or classes of persons, who lead perfectly orderly

and decorous lives, and who would be shocked and indignant if they were individually described as the victims of excess. This, however, is precisely what they are; for the proper measure of excess, in respect of food and of alcoholic drink, is furnished by the amount of either or of both which can be employed for the purpose of making good the daily expenditure incidental to the processes of life. Everything beyond this becomes itself an occasion of effort for its mere removal; and, if the effort be not made, becomes a source of poisoning, the tendency of which is to be cumulative, and to display itself now and again in a more or less explosive fashion, in the guise of a fit of gout or of a so-called 'bilious attack.' It is self-evident that a very small consumption of food will permit of a more free indulgence in alcohol, and that total abstinence from alcohol will permit of a more free indulgence in food than would be possible if what may perhaps be described as a moderate degree of excess were to be practised in both directions at once. It is the ordinary daily 'good dinner,' perhaps eaten too quickly for its more than satisfying character to be recognised, and the superfluous glass or glasses of wine attendant upon it, that do the mischief in ordinary life and among reputable people. The existence of the sot may undoubtedly be prolonged by the diminished inclination for food which follows from the injury done by alcohol to his digestion; and the advantages of abstinence from alcohol may as undoubtedly be diminished, in a large proportion of cases, by the amount of food, and especially of sweet dishes, frequently consumed by total abstainers. In order to obtain the full benefit of their self-denial, if self-denial it be, the latter estimable class should act upon a precept which was much inculcated by the grandparents and great-grandparents of the present generation, and should 'rise from table with an appetite.' On the whole, a daily superfluity of food is perhaps a worse evil than a daily superfluity of alcohol, assuming neither to be carried to manifest excess. The latter has at least the excuse of the attendant exhilaration, while the former brings mankind into comparatively close kinship with the porcine animals which most people would think it discreditable to resemble.

The amount of exercise taken by any individual largely determines the amount of his expenditure of force and of tissue, and hence determines also the amount of nutriment required for the maintenance of his body in full activity. A highly accomplished physician, the late Dr. Peter Hood, was accustomed to insist very

strongly upon the frequent illnesses which were produced, among men in easy circumstances, by the continuance during the London season, or during the session of Parliament, as a mere matter of habit, of a consumption of food and wine which might not have been excessive during daily active exercise in the pursuit of sport, but which became injurious as soon as this pursuit was discontinued. The hard-drinking squires of the eighteenth century were mostly men of great activity of life, and even then were seldom conspicuous for longevity; while at all times and in all classes there have been exceptional individuals who have set ordinary rules at defiance, and have nevertheless enjoyed an immunity from evil consequences which has seldom been extended to their imitators. I remember a trial about a right of way, in which the evidence of some of the oldest inhabitants of the locality was adduced, and which was held before a learned judge who was at once deeply conscious of the mischiefs wrought by alcohol, and earnestly solicitous to improve any occasions for moralising which his duties might afford. A witness was produced, a village patriarch far advanced in his eighties, erect, vigorous, clear-headed, who replied to all questions with promptitude and decision. Before he left the box the judge complimented him upon his state of preservation, and asked by what ordering of his life it had been maintained. Nothing loth, the witness replied that he was a teetotaller and a vegetarian, and described his daily existence in some detail; and the judge, deeply impressed, recommended all who heard him to follow in his footsteps. The witness was succeeded by his own elder brother, equally alert and well-preserved, to whom the judge said: 'No doubt you, too, like your brother, whom we have just heard, have preserved your health and vigour by the strictest temperance?' The reply was brief and to the purpose: 'I h'ant been to bed sober vor vifty year, my lord.' Exceptions prove nothing, unless it be that compensating influences of an unknown character may render a few persons exempt from consequences which would fall with certainty upon the average member of the human race. There is perhaps some foundation for the belief that strenuous and continued exertion of the intellectual faculties may resemble bodily activity in its power to increase the demands of the system, and thus to produce tolerance of what would ordinarily be alimentary or alcoholic excess. It is said that Lord Chancellor Eldon drank a bottle of port wine every week-day during many successive years; and that every Sunday, when his

brother, Lord Stowell, dined with him, they each drank two. Their ages at death were respectively eighty-seven and ninety-four.

The variability of the factors above referred to—that is, of the amount of food consumed, of the amount of effort made and of consequent expenditure incurred, and of the personal equation of the individual, renders it very difficult, even if it be possible, to lay down any general rule as to the quantity of alcohol which constitutes sufficiency or excess; but, as I have said above, I believe the point of excess, or at least the limit of beneficial or even of harmless consumption, to be reached much earlier than is commonly supposed. I think, too, that the common belief that old people bear alcohol better than young ones, or, as it has been put, that 'wine is the milk of old age,' is decidedly erroneous. In old age vital activity and the waste arising from it are reduced all round, and the demand for aliment in any form must be reduced in a corresponding degree; so that an increase of alcohol, unless more than counterbalanced by a decrease in the amount of solid food, can hardly be anything but injurious to the consumer. In the course of many years of medical practice I have seen and watched several cases in which experimental total abstinence was not successful so long as the activities of middle age were being maintained, but in which the abandonment of alcohol in more advanced life was definitely conducive to health and comfort.

The position occupied by the medical profession with regard to the habitual and moderate dietetic use of alcohol has not, I think, been an entirely satisfactory one. The few medical enthusiasts who are themselves total abstainers, who run full tilt against alcohol in all its forms, and who rest their denunciations upon inconclusive so-called chemical or physiological experiments, mostly 'made in Germany,' may safely be left out of consideration. But, apart from these, the public mind has been exercised from time to time by the wide circulation of certain medical counterblasts to alcohol—counterblasts of which the origin has not always been free from suspicious circumstances, and which sometimes appear to have been signed, almost at random, by even eminent persons who would not have been individually prepared to support by facts and arguments the assertions to which they had set their names. In one instance many of the signatures to such a document had shortly before been appended to a collective recommendation of a particular brewage of bitter beer. Another, which was extensively

signed and widely circulated in 1871, was launched under the auspices of the late Sir George Burrows, then President of the Royal College of Physicians. My signature was early asked for, and I wrote to Sir George, whose name was already appended to the paper (which had been sent to me as a 'proof'), pointing out certain grave inaccuracies in it, and some of the alterations which it seemed to me to require. Sir George, in his reply, gave away the whole case. He said that my suggestions came too late for adoption, the paper having already been signed by 150 persons, and continued :

I entirely agree with you in the opinion you express about alcohol as an article of diet. I think to a large class of persons in the climate of England it is indispensable, and I know many remarkable cases in confirmation of your own experience of the attempt to abstain wholly from alcohol. On the other hand, I think there are large classes of persons, in other more favoured and in tropical climates, who may and do abstain from alcohol with advantage to their health.

The counterblast, which Sir George had already signed, set forth, among many other very questionable propositions, 'that many people *immensely exaggerate* the value of alcohol as an article of diet,' and it did not seem to me possible 'immensely to exaggerate' the value of an agent which Sir George himself declared to be '*indispensable*' 'to a large class of persons in the climate of England.' As far as I understood the matter, the counterblast was intended to apply to English people living in their own country, and scarcely at all to the inhabitants of other and more favoured climates. Circumstances which afterwards came to my knowledge led me to believe that Sir George had been overpersuaded into attaching his name to a paper which he had not thoroughly considered, and that he thus found himself placed in a position of embarrassment from which it was difficult to escape.

The true position for the medical profession, in relation to the whole question, must, I think, rest on the admission that it may often be an individual one, as to which there can be no general rule that is not weakened by a great number of exceptions. My own experience and observation have convinced me that most men who are actively engaged in the serious pursuits of life may take a small quantity of alcoholic drink daily with decided advantage, and that it will supply them with material for the sustentation of tissue or for the maintenance of temperature at a smaller expenditure of force than would be required for the digestion and conversion of an equivalent amount of solid nutritive material. I believe

that the quantity which can be consumed in this way with advantage is small, much smaller than is generally supposed, and that it becomes still less as vital activities are diminished by advancing years. Everything beyond it may, in strict language, be regarded as excess; and it is probable that continued excess, even to a very small daily degree, always does more or less harm to the person committing it. Habitual and large excess, as we all know, speedily produces consequences which are fatal alike to health, to intellect, and to character; and it seems reasonable to suppose that a smaller degree of transgression must entail at least some amount of punishment. My own impression is that it lays the axe to the root of longevity, but that, in the enormous majority of cases, it does not either entail misconduct or impair efficiency during the active years of life. This view appears to be supported, as regards longevity, by the unquestionable fact that the comparative moderation of modern times is at least coincident with a remarkable general prolongation of life in the upper and middle classes, and, as regards efficiency, by the fact to which the late Sir James Paget called attention in an essay which, according to his wont, carried common sense to the confines of inspiration. He pointed out that the British people had been composed, for many generations, of a great majority of moderate drinkers, of a minority of sots, and of another minority of teetotallers. Assuming that the two minorities neutralised each other, the history of England, and the achievements of Englishmen, were the history and the achievements of the majority; in which case moderate drinkers had no reason to be dissatisfied with their record, and very little reason to suppose that it would have been improved by total abstinence. Whether the daily pleasure incidental to the extra glass of wine, or to the nocturnal whiskey and water, be worth purchasing at the cost of a probable abbreviation of life, is a question which every individual concerned must weigh and answer for himself. However this may be, I think it must be conceded, by all who are conversant with the dietetic habits of the most distinguished members of the medical profession, that total abstinence from alcohol is not the rule among them; and, on the other hand, I have been assured by public caterers that less wine is consumed per head at a purely medical dinner than at one attended by any other class of the community. Perhaps, on the whole, the main facts of the question could hardly be stated more fairly than they were by the son of Sirach two thousand years ago: 'Wine measurably drunk and in season

bringeth gladness of the heart and cheerfulness of the mind ; but wine drunken with excess . . . diminisheth strength and maketh wounds.'

Before leaving this part of the subject it may be permissible to call attention to the probable influence of beer drinking upon the longevity, and hence indirectly upon the duration of the usefulness, of the artisan and labouring classes. We have lately been told by a popular preacher that 'two-thirds of the national drink bill is incurred by the working man,' and also, as a rider to this statement, that 'he is often lazy, unthrifty, improvident, sometimes immoral, foul-mouthed, and untruthful.' I will leave the reverend gentleman to establish the latter portions of his accusation by whatever evidence he can adduce in support of them, and will content myself with calling attention to the obvious fact that the working man is short-lived. According to returns issued by the Registrar-General, 'the general labourers of London are an unhealthy body of men. At all age-groups their death-rates are in excess of those of occupied males in London, and are therefore much more in excess of the standard rates. The comparative mortality figure of London labourers exceeds the average among occupied males in London by 23 per cent. ; and, when compared with the standard figure for occupied males generally, the excess among London labourers is as much as 48 per cent.' The mortality among males of the class, notwithstanding the accidents of childbirth, is much in excess of that among females. Now, everyone conversant with the habits of the working man knows that his consumption of alcohol is not confined to meal-times or to a night-cap, but that he has cultivated an extraordinary capacity for drinking beer on all occasions and at all times. His thirst is perpetual and unquenchable. In every other station of life the suggestion of a drink would sometimes be declined, but by the working man seldom or never. A job or the want of one, a quarrel or a reconciliation, a birth or a death, a chance meeting or an appointment, are alike in that they all require beer ; and the effect has been to develop a vicious habit, not only of taking undue quantities of alcohol, but also of swallowing superfluous liquid to an enormous amount. Reasonable people, who only drink with their meals, have very little conception of the extent to which this irregular beer drinking is carried, and there can be no question that it is among the most pernicious of the influences to which the working-classes of this country are exposed. It seriously shortens

the lives of the men, it probably diminishes the vigour and viability of their children, and it leads to an expenditure in noxious self-indulgence which, in proportion to their incomes, is often enormous, and which constantly deprives their families of comforts which would be highly conducive to their welfare. No single reform could be more valuable to the working man than one by which he was induced to take beer only with his meals, and to abandon the irregular potations which have so powerful an influence in hindering the elevation of the class to which he belongs. This would be indisputable, even if the liquor consumed were of a character which anyone not a teetotaler would describe as wholesome, but such a condition is by no means universally fulfilled. Some years ago I was familiar with country districts in which most of the beer sold in public-houses to labourers was salted to increase their thirst, and drugged to give them a belief in its potency. I heard of men refusing a suggestion to drink at the 'White Hart,' because they had a pint there last week and 'felt nothing of it.' They preferred to walk another quarter of a mile to the 'Black Bull,' where a pint would make a man dizzy almost before he had finished it. In large towns, where the publicans are mostly supplied from great breweries, admixtures of this kind are less probable; but it must not be forgotten that the chemicals employed, even in large breweries, have quite recently been responsible, in the north of England, for a very wide diffusion of a so-called 'accidental' arsenical poisoning, by which many deaths and much permanent disability were occasioned among the consumers.

From the consideration of drugged beer the transition is easy to that of the consumption of narcotics generally, and especially of tobacco—the latter a question which I approach with some distrust of my power to be impartial with regard to it. It is possible that I may be unduly prejudiced in the matter, partly by dislike of the smell and taste of the drug in all its forms, partly by the fact that my professional avocations have for many years brought its noxious effects very prominently under my notice, and partly by a survival of the recollections of my youth, a remote period at which smoking in public, or in the presence of ladies, was hardly tolerated among gentlefolk. A cheap cigar was introduced into Warren's 'Ten Thousand a Year,' in 1839, as an almost essential part of the outdoor holiday equipment of Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse; and, although it may be true that public smoking is now indulged in by quite distinguished persons, it does not by any

means follow that the change is an improvement. It certainly has not been conducive to culture among their social inferiors. Living a short distance out of London, and often coming thence by train, I have frequent opportunities of observing the crowd of men and boys who return home after business hours, nearly all with short pipes projecting from their mouths, puffing smoke into the faces of women on the platform, and elbowing them away from the approach to the narrow door of exit. These creatures always seem to me to be quite exceptionally boorish and aggressive, even as specimens of the class to which they belong, and I cannot help in some way associating their pipes with their characters. Their want of self-control, and their animal eagerness for a selfish indulgence, lead them to utter disregard of the comfort or the convenience of their neighbours.

If any advocate of the consumption of tobacco is content to rest his advocacy upon the fact that he likes the practice of smoking, or that he likes what he conceives to be its effect, there is, I presume, nothing more to be said. Tastes differ, and must continue to do so. The only assertions requiring examination are those of the people who say that tobacco is in some way beneficial; and the most common of these assertions is that it is 'soothing.' My own reply to this plea depends mainly upon its humiliating character. I do not think that a man has any business to require 'soothing.' He should be able to face his duties and responsibilities with a clear view of their extent and nature. If he cannot do this without the aid of a narcotic, I am certain that he cannot with; for the narcotic, although it may disguise difficulties, is manifestly unable to alter facts. A man who talks about requiring to be 'soothed' reduces himself to the level of a fractious baby; and my own observation leads me to believe that his narcotic tends at once to the permanent diminution of his nervous energy, and to the production of a sort of fool's paradise in which he is content to live. At one of the great American universities, I think at Harvard, the authorities instituted a definite series of comparisons between smoking and non-smoking students, with the result that the former were surpassed by the latter in every competition in which they engaged, whether physical or intellectual, whether in the classrooms, in the playing-fields, or in the gymnasias. All teachers are familiar with the type of student who lives in a fond belief that he will pass his examinations without the trouble of working for them; and he is invariably a smoker. Smoking, again, is in an

extraordinary degree conducive to sheer idleness, to intellectual vacuity and bodily inertia, from the deceptive resemblance which it bears to an occupation. Few men could sit and do nothing, without a book or an amusement, if they were not smoking; but hundreds do so with the aid of a pipe or a cigarette, and all the time fancy themselves to be employed. In such circumstances they sometimes go the length of saying that they have been 'thinking.'

Admitting freely what is unquestionable, that an enormous number of men and boys like smoking, and smoke because they like it, we are still entitled to ask whether the practice can be regarded as essentially harmless. For the vast majority of adults who smoke moderately the answer must probably incline towards an affirmative. I have a very strong belief that whatever a smoker may be able to do well, he would have been able to do still better if he had never smoked at all; but the accuracy of this belief does not admit of demonstration. We know, it is true, that tobacco is a powerful poison, that even a very moderate quantity of it, taken internally, would be fatal to an unseasoned adult, and that the first experiences of smoking boys are by no means unchequered; but we are assured by the advocates of the drug that complete tolerance of its poisonous effects is soon produced by habit, and that, when once this stage of toleration has been reached, smoking will thereafter be purely beneficial. On this point I can only express my doubt. We know that a tolerance of all vegetable narcotics is soon induced, at least in the sense that larger and larger doses are required in order to reproduce the original effect; but there are none, unless it be tobacco, in which tolerance implies eventual harmlessness. The rule is that all such agents, which, when freshly introduced into the system, modify the functional operations of the nervous centres in some agreeable way, end by producing structural degeneration of the tissues upon which their action is chiefly exerted. The easily acquired tolerance of morphia, of cocaine, or of Indian hemp, is only a natural step towards the degradation ultimately attendant upon their use.

The most important fact at present known with regard to a definitely injurious effect traceable to tobacco is its tendency to produce blindness. Concerning this effect, forty years ago I was myself somewhat sceptical, and wrote of it in the sense that I regarded the evidence as incomplete, but time and larger experience have placed the matter beyond the reach of doubt. In

common, I believe, with every other ophthalmic surgeon, I have now seen a great number of cases in which habitual smokers have suffered from a definite form of gradually increasing failure of vision, attended by characteristic symptoms dependent upon manifest changes in the optic nerves, and always curable, if taken in time, by the *total* abandonment of tobacco, but always leading to complete and hopeless blindness if tobacco in any form were continued. In a certain proportion of these cases, as Dr. Priestley Smith was, I think, the first to point out, excessive smoking has appeared to be rather the predisposing than the exciting cause of the disease—that is to say, it has appeared to have reduced the nerves to a condition of weakness or vulnerability in which they were unable to oppose their normal degree of resistance to other injurious influences. Thus, for example, the symptoms of tobacco blindness have been observed to occur in a sailor who, having been habitually a smoker of strong tobacco, was for a time exposed to conditions of unusual hardship. They have also been observed in smokers who were engaged in the more speculative forms of commerce, and were threatened by some unexpected combination of adverse circumstances—a combination which not unfrequently had largely increased their customary consumption of tobacco. The true character of such cases may be established by the improvement or recovery of sight which follows the complete abandonment of tobacco, and by the uselessness of any treatment in which this abandonment is not included. It is not very uncommon, moreover, to find that tobacco poisoning is complicated by alcoholism, and the resulting wrecks of humanity are very piteous to see. I remember one wretch of this kind, a young man of four-or-five-and-twenty, who was the uncontrolled master of more money than he had either the education or the capacity to use wisely, and who came to me with the early symptoms of tobacco blindness in a well-marked form, as well as with abundant evidence of habitual excess in other directions. I told him there was no use in beating about the bush with him, that if he would abandon tobacco and alcohol and live decently he would preserve his sight and perhaps prolong his life, but that if he continued his actual practices he would be blind in three months and probably dead in six. He must take his choice between the alternatives. At the door of my consulting-room he turned as he went out, in order to discharge a Parthian shot at me. ‘You’ve a’most broke my ‘art,’ he said.

Regarding the question on *a priori* grounds, there seems much

reason to believe that tobacco, which is known frequently to produce chronic inflammation and ultimate degeneration of the optic nerves, may exert a similar influence on other portions of the nervous system, and may lead to nerve degenerations of other kinds, possibly to some the causes of which are still unrecognised. How obscure these causes may be, and how difficult of identification in the complicated conditions of life, was well shown by the recent discovery that certain extensive local prevalences of neuritis (inflammation of nerves) which had very generally been attributed to alcohol, were really due to poisoning by arsenic contained in beer. Until that discovery was made, alcoholic poisoning had been regarded as the principal or even as the sole cause of neuritis in the intemperate, and all probability was in favour of the correctness of the opinion. It has since been maintained by some that this opinion must be altogether abandoned, that alcohol must be acquitted, and that only arsenic has been to blame. It will, I believe, be found that neuritis may be produced either by alcohol or by arsenic, and with still greater facility when the two are taken in combination. On the subject of any corresponding influence which may be exerted by tobacco, or of any part which it may take in producing forms of neuritis in nerves other than those of the eyes, I am not aware of the existence of any evidence sufficient to justify a conclusion. At the same time, it seems to me to be impossible altogether to ignore the possibility, and, in any case of obscure neuritis occurring in an inveterate smoker, I should not hesitate to urge the complete abandonment of tobacco.

I have met, of course, with many instances of heavy smokers in whom no sign of either intellectual or physical decadence was manifest on the surfaces of their lives, and I know that many imaginative literary men and artists have at least believed that they found aid or inspiration in tobacco. It may be so. My own explanation of the facts, as far as they are known to me, would be that such persons had smoked themselves into a state in which their brains were unable to respond to the calls of duty or of volition until they had received a fillip, analogous in its temporary action to the dose taken by the victim of the morphia habit. I believe in the absolute superiority of the undrugged nervous system to the drugged one, and am convinced in my own mind that the tobacco must often have lowered, and can never have raised, the quality of the totality of the work that was done under its influence. I think everyone who has known London well for

the last five-and-twenty years would be able to cite more than a few examples of heavy smokers whose careers of promise had closed more or less under a cloud of intellectual failure or of social discredit, such as would naturally have been attendant upon the victims of narcotics of other kinds. There is extant a letter from the first Napoleon, written from Egypt to the French commandant at Malta, and congratulating him upon the security of the island against any attack by the English. The vessel carrying the letter was captured by an English cruiser, and underneath the delicate signature of Napoleon there now stands a bold scrawl of 'Mark the end. Nelson and Bronte.' When I see good work of any kind, produced by a man who is dependent upon tobacco, I am apt to remember Lord Nelson's injunction.

A London physician of large experience once told me of his conviction that many professional men lose all the benefit which they might derive from an annual holiday by reason of the single circumstance that they smoke to excess during its continuance. A man who is fully engaged with patients, or clients, or in the courts, is unable to smoke, except for a few minutes, until business hours are over; but when he is in Scotland or in the Alps he is apt to smoke all day long. He comes back with a narcotised nervous system, a 'smoker's throat,' and a long list of discomforts for which he is unable to account. He says that he has slept in damp beds, or that the food in the hotels has disagreed with him.

There is at least one aspect of the consumption of tobacco as to which the hitherto prevailing optimism of this country has of late been somewhat disturbed; and that aspect has regard to smoking by children. Many of the writers who have lately striven to direct attention to the alleged physical deterioration of large classes of our people have laid much stress upon juvenile smoking as an important element in the production of some of the evils which they describe and deplore; and it is certainly true that the immature and comparatively unstable nervous system of the young is more liable to be injured by narcotics than that of the adult. It is hardly possible, in this connection, to leave entirely out of account that the deterioration is not in growth or muscular development alone, but that it extends to those organs of the intellectual faculties by which the effects of drugs are first displayed. The steady and progressive increase of insanity among us is the most important fact of the present day in relation to public health, and is such as

to render the prevalence of cancer or of tubercle absolutely trivial by comparison. It is a matter of routine to attribute a large portion of this increase to drink, but may there not be something to say also about tobacco?

In the United States there seems now to be a very general consensus of opinion that at least the most facile form of tobacco smoking, the smoking of cigarettes, is a dangerous practice even for adults, and that it is still more dangerous for children. Several of the great railway companies of America have absolutely prohibited cigarette smoking by signalmen and others who occupy positions in which any error or neglect in the discharge of duty might lead to serious consequences; and in some States the sale of tobacco to children is a punishable offence. Since these words were written it has been asserted in a London paper that a law has been passed in the State of Indiana, and came into operation on April 15, by which not only is the manufacture or sale of cigarettes totally prohibited within the State, but by which persons having them in their possession are rendered liable to fine and imprisonment. It was further said that cigarette smokers were about to appeal to the Supreme Court on the question of the constitutional validity of the enactment; but, however this may be, it cannot be supposed that laws and regulations of such a kind could have been made, or could be enforced, in a democratically governed community unless the need for them had been established by a considerable body of evidence. They seem to me to show that the very best that can be said for tobacco smoking is that many people like it, and that in some instances it may perhaps do no harm. Even so, its financial aspects ought not to be left out of account. On the part of the working classes of this country it represents the waste of millions of money annually, for the purchase of an indulgence which is absolutely selfish, because it is one in which, as a rule, wives and children have no share, and which, because it is selfish, cannot fail to be degrading. The craving for it is, I believe, purely artificial, for, if it were not, it would be as prevalent among girls and women as among boys and men. Boys want to begin smoking because they see their elders do it, and they think it is 'manly,' and so they bear the initial discomforts with fortitude, and drug themselves until tolerance and a habit are established. A somewhat similar educational process seems now to be in progress among women of the more leisured classes. The smoking-room has become an institution in clubs for ladies, and

girls will soon be eager to follow the example set by their mothers and their elder sisters. In favour of such a result, something might possibly be said. I have always felt that the 'soothing' effect described by smokers is better adapted to the real needs of the softer than to those of the sterner sex, and that there is something which, if not quite feminine, may at least be described as 'womanish' in the practice of seeking refuge in a narcotic from the pinpricks of daily life.

R. BRUDENELL CARTER.

ON WINDY HILL.

BY HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

CHAPTER I.

HOW BLAIR OF BLAIR CAME RIDING NORTH.

THEY called it Windy Hill, and rightly. Stark to the moor-top winds it stood, a sharp, steep hill, pointed like a spear; between the clumps of heather grew patches of short grass, which a few lack-lustre sheep cropped diligently, striving somehow to keep wool and hide together.

At the foot of the hill there stood a house, once fortified against all comers, but now half-ruined. From of old it had been named Windy Hall, though it was sheltered in a measure from the east wind and the north. Two people only lived here—Sir Peter Lynn and his daughter Barbara—and folk in the valley-lands wondered how the two kept soul and body together. For it was known that not all their pride of race had brought them riches, though adherence to the Faith had long since brought them extreme poverty.

They found life hard, if the truth were known, until a stranger rode that way. It was near to the gloaming of a winter's afternoon, and the sun was dipping red behind the crest of Windy Hill. Barbara had come from the neglected garden—full now of dry and frosty stems of last summer's weeds—had stayed for a moment to look down the valley, shading her eyes with a brown hand. She saw a horseman, spurring a hard-driven mare straight up the road that led to Windy Hill.

Women, they say, can scent love as swallows scent the coming summer. It may be so; at any rate, Barbara felt something stirring at her heart that, a moment since, had not been there.

She watched the horseman gallop up the steep. She saw his orse falter as it neared the farmstead gate—falter, and stumble, and fall prone.

The rider jumped to the ground, deftly lighting on his feet, and stooped to feel the mare's body.

'Twas her death, or mine,' he said, looking up into Barbara's

face with a regard that was at once sorrowful on the mare's behalf and anxious on his own.

She approved the man. Because she had lived in solitude, with the hills and the streams for tutors—these, and Sir Peter's teaching that the Faith and the Cause were life's only serious issues—she was not afraid to look him in the face. Gravely, proudly, with a curious innocence and fearlessness, she measured and approved him.

'Has the Cause sped?' she asked.

Muddled, haggard with long riding and long anxiety, the stranger might well have had any reason for escaping from pursuit. He might, for instance, have done murder, or have held up a coach on some neighbouring heath. Barbara did not pause to make surmises; she knew that the friends militant of the Cause had marched far down toward London, and any rider, spurring with danger close following the hind-hoofs of his mare, must be a combatant on one or the other side. Instinctively, seeing the fashion of this stranger, hearing his voice, she knew that he was on the side of loyalty, and trusted him with the secret that Sir Peter Lynn was well-affected—a secret which, told to disloyal ears, might well have cost Sir Peter his liberty, if not his head.

Her trust was justified, as the trust of clean, hill-bred folk is wont to be.

'I am from Derby,' he answered simply, 'and the Prince——'

'Yes, yes, go on!' she said impetuously. She was shading her eyes with one hand, as if to see more clearly, as she looked at him, whether his news were good or evil.

'How shall I tell it?' he faltered. 'It is not George's men that have bidden him retreat, but jealousy.'

The girl's hand closed about her eyes. She seemed like one met by sudden news of death—death of some well-beloved—and the grey, winter's look of the moor behind her was all in keeping with the silence of these two. It was in keeping, moreover, with the silence following the retreat at Derby, three days ago.

'He won to Derby—and retreated?' she asked pitifully.

'No!' for the first time the stranger held his head high, and turned it half about as if listening for the skirl of Stuart pipes, the swish of Stuart kilts. 'No! The Prince did not retreat—his Highlanders did not retreat—it was the cursed leaders of the clans who had their jealousies.'

'Ah God!' said Barbara, wistfully. She was looking at him steadfastly, and her brave eyes were dark as the hill-tops when the

rain-mists lie on them. 'There was jealousy? You tell me there was jealousy?'

The man's teeth showed like a wolf's, though at usual moments he was comely and well-bred. 'It was my Lord Murray again,' he said. 'Murray has been stepfather to the Rising since its start, I wish he had died in Scotland and been buried there, out of harm's way.'

A woman's heart is a deep well to fathom. Out of her grief for Prince Charlie and the Cause, out of her sorrow for this sudden news of retreat, when victory had been looked for, there grew a lightening of the heart. This man, with the dead mare beside him, was speaking in the tongue she had learned from childhood. He was a Stuart lover, through and through; and Barbara—maiden in her thoughts, as in her heart, until this afternoon—was aware that she might come to harbour love one day.

She glanced no longer at him, but carried herself with new straightness and new pride. Her voice was cold, because she feared that she might love him altogether.

'You are telling me much—but you are tarrying. If the pursuit is hot, why do you stand here on the open hill, with your dead mare bearing witness even if you hid yourself in haste?'

Between old sorrow for the retreat at Derby, new gladness that he had lived to see this girl—winsome in her patched and tattered frock—the horseman had forgotten his pursuers.

'I led them astray at the cross-roads,' he answered, with his air of downright, curious simplicity, 'but they must have found the track by now. You are right. It is time we got the poor mare out of sight.'

'You were fond of her?' said Barbara, marking his softened tone as he spoke of the horseflesh that had carried him to Windy Hill.

'Fond? I loved her.'

'Ah! Men seldom do, when the horse has ceased to carry burdens for them.'

Again he glanced at her, as if to ask how a maid so slight and young could know men's secrets. He did not realise that long poverty, long association with an ill-fated cause, long talks o' nights with her father, had given her a woman's insight into life.

She would not meet his glance, for the shame of her half-grown love was on her. 'We have but the one man-servant about the place,' she said, colouring slightly, as she remembered that the Lynns

had not needed, once on a day, to make excuses for lack of serving-men. 'My father is kept to his bed—you and I must help to take the mare away.'

Barbara Lynn came of a race whose women had always been prone to romance, yet always ready when the pinch of danger came. It was like her that she should know her heart's mate, relying altogether on romantic instinct; it was like her, too, that she realised the need to hide this dead witness out of sight.

The stranger was looking far down the valley, though he was listening to the girl and wondering anew at her ready acceptance of peril and adventure.

'Look yonder!' he cried suddenly.

Barbara looked, and at the foot of the sloping ground—a half-mile away as the crow flew, though thrice as far by the winding track—she saw a company of six come riding up. The last light of the sun, before it sets, shows often clearer pictures in the distance than the mid-day glare, and she could see that they moved wearily up the hill, as if they rode on jaded horses.

'There's no time,' she said. 'Slowly as they ride, 'tis but a mile and a half away. We must leave the mare where she lies.'

'No!' he snapped. 'They would be sure that I was here in hiding, and I'll take my own life with me up the moor, rather than put three in jeopardy.'

'You will not,' she answered, meeting his glance firmly now. 'Cannot you trust us? Windy Hill has hidden good Jacobites before.'

He glanced down the moor again, then at the girl's face, resolute and bonnie. It was not hard to take his life at hazard to the open moors—it was a usual sort of peril with him—but it was hard indeed to leave this girl with the tattered frock and the frank, virginal beauty.

'It is madness,' he said. 'There's a hiding-chamber at Windy Hall—all good Jacobites know as much, and I sought it for that reason—but they will find the dead mare at the gate here.'

'And I shall tell them how she comes there,' put in the other impetuously. 'Oh, we are wasting time! Do you think, if you go up the moor, it will not go evilly with us? They will see the token at the gate, and we shall suffer. Come, now, and follow me.'

His heart was in it—not in the wish to hide, but in the wish to tarry near this girl. Moreover, he looked at her again—the quick, soldier's glance—and he knew that she had some well-framed

enterprise in hand. He had an inkling of the nature of her stratagem, moreover, when she summoned the man-servant with a ringing call. A lean, hard fellow answered to the summons—he seemed half-indoor and half-outdoor servant—and stood waiting her commands.

‘This gentleman is a well-wisher to the Cause, Donald,’ she said briefly. ‘He has killed his horse in riding here, and you are to help me rescue him from those who follow.’

The man’s air changed altogether. He had regarded the stranger with suspicion at the first, but now he eyed him with respect.

‘What news of the Rising, sir?’ he asked, with hungry, eager wistfulness.

‘The worst,’ snapped the other.

‘We have little time, Donald,’ went on Barbara, in the crisp, assured voice which told that she was mistress here. ‘Take off the mare’s saddle, and hide it away, and put my own saddle on her back. You have ten minutes, Donald—less, may be—so waste no time. Now, sir, if you will follow me,’ she broke off, turning to the stranger.

She led him across the weed-grown courtyard, and up a flight of steps, and across many passages with winding turns in them. And, though Windy Hall was known as a well-tryed refuge of good fugitives, he wondered at the girl’s business-like, brisk air—just as he had wondered that her beauty, clad in homespun, should have such power to chain and dazzle him.

They went up a second stair, and down some rough-hewn steps, and he found himself within the private chapel of Windy Hall. The Lynns had not been rich enough to keep the old Hall weather-tight; but their chapel was kept reverently, as the grave of a dead kinsman is, or the altar of a living faith. The only light—other than the dim, grey light of gloaming—came from the altar candles. The fugitive, as Barbara opened the oak door leading to the little chancel and bade him pass through in haste—the fugitive bowed hurriedly toward the altar, and the girl paused a moment.

‘You are of both faiths, then?’ she said.

‘Of both,’ he answered.

She moved quickly to the wall on the south side of the chancel, touched it—lightly, so it seemed—and pressed back the secret panel. A little flight of stairs led down into the darkness.

‘There is so little time!’ she said. ‘Go down, and, when you

reach the floor feel at your right hand for a tinder-box and candles.'

He halted a moment, not from fear of the dark that seemed to lead into some bottomless pit, but to give Barbara a steady, grave regard. It might be long before he saw the outer light again; he wished to take with him an abiding picture of the one lass made for him.

Barbara waited only to hear him strike flint on steel; then, knowing that he had light, at any rate, to help him through the waiting time, she closed the panel and went out through the quiet chapel.

To her own room she ran—the room that looked unlike a lady's bedchamber, so bare it was of usual niceties. She doffed her tattered frock, and she donned her tattered riding-habit. She ran down the stair, and in the hall, where rats had left clear teeth-marks on the wainscoting, she found her riding-whip.

She crossed the courtyard, and found Donald standing beside the dead mare like a lean and graven statue of grief. But the man's saddle was nowhere to be seen, and instead her own worn side-saddle lay on the mare's back. Donald had always been one to act before he gave his feelings room.

'Tis up and down, and down and up, mistress,' said old Donald; 'but where's the use of living if Charlie's lost the fight?'

'The Prince will live to fight again, Donald. Ah, be sure of that!'

'Deil kens, mistress. For my part, I fancy they needed old Sir Peter and old Donald wi' them. We'd no have heard o' retreat, old Donald and Sir Peter.'

Barbara wondered that the pursuers were not here already; but presently, when she saw them breast the last, steep slope, she understood why they had tarried. Their horses were knee-high in slime—green, sticky slime—and it was plain that, on their way up the moor's face, they had mistaken a fair-seeming stretch of grass for solid ground. She laughed disdainfully.

'George's men would never understand a moor, Donald,' she said. 'How scant of art these Hanoverians are!'

The six horsemen topped the slope. They drew rein on seeing the dead mare, the girl in her riding-habit, the lean and grizzled serving-man. At the moment there was murder in old Donald's heart, and the impulse showed clearly on his shaven face.

Barbara waited, her riding-whip in one hand, the other hand

upon her hip. The captain of the troop dismounted, and saluted her as he drew near. Big and bluff, he yet had the bearing of a gentleman; and, like his troopers, he wore the Usurper's uniform.

'By your leave, madam,' he said, daunted a little by her beauty and her upright front, 'by your leave, we are seeking Mr. Blair of Blair.'

It was well that Barbara had learned to hide emotion. The stranger who had claimed her hospitality, then, was Blair of Blair; a name second only, for charm, for high, romantic daring, to that of the Prince himself—a name loved and honoured wherever Jacobites assembled to talk of past deeds or to plan future enterprises.

She remembered that steady glance the fugitive had given her, as they stood together in the dimly-lighted chancel. She recalled the strange sympathy that had held between them at their first meeting. And he was Blair of Blair! In face of danger the girl felt a sudden gaiety, she scarce knew why; but knowledge of the stranger's name seemed to give her new strength, of wit and courage, as if she were mistress of this game of hide-and-seek.

'Indeed!' she answered, after a moment's silence. 'It is interesting, doubtless, but Mr. Blair is unknown to our family. Why should you seek him here?'

The captain looked hard at her. She was so unconcerned; her smile was so careless and full of quiet contempt; she stood there, in her well-worn riding-habit, tapping one boot with her whip and carrying herself as if she were a queen who shunned publicity and stood there in disguise.

'We know that he took this road,' he said doggedly. 'We gained so much information on the way. He was riding like one possessed, they told us, and it was a roan mare that carried him.'

He pointed to the dead mare, as if to end discussion; but Barbara laughed, and the captain, who was not a fanciful man at usual times, thought that he was listening to music more fairy-like than human.

'Is there only one roan mare in Yorkshire, then?' she asked. 'It is a usual colour, I should have said. Did they tell you, by the way, if Mr. Blair rode side-saddle?'

The other glanced at the mare again, and noted for the first time that she carried a lady's saddle. He was puzzled, for his information as to Blair's wild galloping was sure, and it was plain

that he had not ridden at such a pace, and over such rough ground, with a lady's saddle under him.

'The mare is yours, you would have me believe?' he muttered.

She turned to Donald. 'Explain it for me, Donald,' she said. 'I am weary of answering foolish questions to strangers whom I do not know.'

Donald's face was grave as if, far off among his own Scottish hills, he were discoursing on theology. 'There's little to tell,' he said. 'The mistress went riding up the moor, and rode too fast, and the mare dropped at the gate here. She called to me—it was a wee while before you came—and I ran out and found her standing as you see her now.'

Distrustful, yet willing to give credit to so fair a face as Barbara's, the captain sat his horse with obvious restlessness.

'I am loth to doubt your word, madam,' he said at last, 'but Mr. Blair is a prize I shall not let slip through my fingers easily. May I ask if it is your custom to ride your horses to the death?'

She drew herself to the top of her slim and comely height. 'Sir, you have asked questions enough for the one day. I am a Lynn, and the Lynns of Windy Hall are wont to ride their horses as they please. Perhaps you will say good-day, and ride forward on your quest, for my father lies ill abed and cannot entertain you.'

Her assurance might well have won the day; but old Donald chose the moment, foolishly enough, for self-indulgence. He had been grave and reverend heretofore; but now, as he listened to his mistress, a slow and subtle smile spread over his lean face. It was meat and drink to Donald to see the enemy outwitted.

The captain caught the smile; his suspicion, which was being lulled to sleep, awoke again.

'Madam, we must search the house,' he said brusquely, dismounting from his horse.

She stood aside—drawing her riding-skirt away with evident desire that it should not be sullied by contact with him—and bowed with the same quiet mockery which angered, yet enticed him.

'As you will, sir. It seems to be the fashion nowadays to search the houses of poor gentlefolk. It is to see the poverty of everything within doors that you come, I think; for certainly you'll find little else at Windy Hall.'

She pointed with her whip across the courtyard, but made no sign that she proposed to go with him.

'I had rather enter as a guest,' he said, with something of shame and much of indecision. 'Will you not lead the way?'

'No, sir!' Barbara's voice was keen as the twang of a bow-string when you pluck it. 'I am not your hostess. Indeed, if what you think proves true, I may be soon your prisoner.'

Captain Hurst had the grace to check his tongue, though it was plain that he was holding troopers' language in with hardship. He bade his men surround the house, then crossed to the main door and entered.

'Dinna fret, lassie,' muttered old Donald, lapsing into unwonted tenderness. 'They'll search around and about, but they'll rin awa' as empty as they came. Ye've hid him in a place we ken?'

'Yes, Donald.'

The girl moved restlessly away. Her knowledge that the fugitive was Blair of Blair, the unadmitted knowledge that he had leaped the barrier reared by all true maids against surprisal, had made her doubt even the security of Blair's hiding-place, preserved so long and faithfully. She was in no mood to heed old Donald; she was in no mood to go indoors and see this rebel-stranger stalking through a house whose every nook and cranny had tales to tell of ancient faith and loyalty.

Yet suddenly she remembered her father lying ill abed in the gaunt upstairs room, where the wind piped and whistled through casements unrepaired. The captain would find the sick-chamber, would enter, would startle the sick man. She must go indoors.

'Look to these troopers, Donald,' she said, ironical and gay on the surface of her fears. 'They are sitting quietly in their saddles, round about old Windy Hall, but I never trust the Usurper's soldiers near any poultry-run—and we have so little in our larder, Donald.'

The old man smiled, with grimness and deliberation. He came, like the Lynns, of a race that had courage to jest quietly in the face of danger.

CHAPTER II.

HOW SIR PETER LYNN DRANK HIS LAST TOAST.

BARBARA went indoors, and found her dread confirmed; for, after searching vainly below-stairs for the intruder, she ran to the upper story and heard the fret of voices from her father's bedchamber.

It was for the best, as it chanced. The burly captain was

standing by Sir Peter's bed, putting question after question to him, and, because Sir Peter, in all good faith, knew nothing of the guest he sheltered in the hiding-chamber, he gave answers that convinced the enemy.

Barbara stood silent in the doorway, listening to their talk. She heard her father's voice—weak and fretful at the first, like a sick man's—grow stronger, as he answered the recurring questions. She saw his old face quicken, and his eyes grow bright. She saw him, last of all, lift himself from the pillow.

'I have answered your questions, sir, patiently, because I am old and ill,' he said. 'Tis my turn now to ask you by whose leave you came here—here, into my own house and into my own bed-chamber?'

'By the King's leave,' answered Captain Hurst.

It was then that Barbara, standing in the doorway, laughed. She knew by instinct that her father would demand, 'Which King?' She wished to run no risk, now that Blair of Blair was an honoured, if a hidden, guest.

Captain Hurst swung round on his heels. He saw the lithe, trim figure at the door—the figure in its rusty riding-habit. For the second time in his life he came near to something close akin to poetry; she was so bonnie, standing there in the doorway. He said as much to himself, and the confession from such as Hurst meant much.

'You laughed, madam, I believe?' he queried, awkwardly.

'I laughed,' she answered.

Sir Peter sat straighter on his pillows, and his eyes met his daughter's and found a quick reply.

'Why did you laugh?' asked Captain Hurst, as full of shyness as a schoolboy.

'Because you harbour foolish doubts, sir, and persist in seeking out the mysteries of Windy Hall. There's no mystery—save that we are poor, and keep a slender table. Perhaps you will leave my father now—if not the house—for all excitement is a danger to his health.'

He bowed clumsily, and went out of the room and down the stair, his heels clanking noisily—insolently, so it seemed to Barbara.

In the windy, rat-haunted hall below Captain Hurst halted, and uttered a heart-felt curse or two, and began tugging at his upper lip—a habit of his when perplexed. Though something rough in manner, as the gently-born reckon manners, and though

he served a Usurper who was in all respects a rougher than himself, the captain was honest enough, and sound enough at heart. His duty was to capture Blair of Blair, and to the best of his power he meant to fulfil that duty. Was he in hiding here, or was he at this moment galloping fast away from Windy Hall? The dead mare at the gate—old Donald's smile—the girl's wild-goose explanation of the matter—all left a feeling with Captain Hurst that the fugitive was almost at his elbow, somewhere in this draughty house. On the other hand, the mare had undoubtedly carried a side-saddle, and Sir Peter Lynn undoubtedly knew nothing of the escapade.

The captain, never so quick with his head as with his sword-arm, was perplexed. He knew, from Barbara's quiet, sure contempt of his uniform, that her sympathies lay wholly with the other side. Barbara and her father both wore at all times indeed the livery of their faith. There was a wit, a courtesy, a well-bred irony about them that in themselves proclaimed them loyal to the Stuart. Captain Hurst knew this, though he would not acknowledge it—knew that the difference between his master's followers and the Stuart's followers was the distinction between a farm-nag and a racehorse.

He was perplexed. Had he thought that Blair was riding over and beyond the moor-crest he would have followed, thirsty and tired and hungry though he and his troopers were; but he fancied that Blair lay snugly hid in Windy Hall.

He had to decide upon his forward route, and the odds were nicely balanced whether he would decide for ill or well. As it chanced, it was Barbara's charm that, for the second time to-day, mapped out the highway of a man's life. He knew not whether to stay and seek patiently for the fugitive, or whether to ride out with his troopers and hunt through the night along this steep and rutty countryside.

Love had not touched Captain Hurst until to-day; but he thought of Barbara in her tattered gown, and underneath the melancholy uniform of his service he felt his heart beat quick and joyously, as if the Stuart pipes were playing heartsome tunes into his heart.

He decided to stay at Windy Hall, for this one night at least—perchance to run his quarry down, and certainly to see Maid Barbara again.

Upstairs, Maid Barbara was talking to her father, low and

eagerly, as folk do when they have served a long apprenticeship to a hazardous cause. She told him of their guest. She told him of her stratagem of the side-saddle. She told him, lastly—for in time of peril a daughter knows that a father's sympathy, a man's love, are not measured by the progress of time's hand upon the dial-face of life—she told him that she was ready to love Blair of Blair, if he should find it in his heart to stoop so far.

'*Stoop?*' echoed the old man. His voice was a courtier's, and his eyes were bright and kind. 'No man could stoop to you, Barbara, girl—but Blair of Blair—God knows I'd trust him with you. He stands proven in the sight of all men.'

The communion between these two was a rare thing and a beautiful. They had learned from the winds and the moors to be reticent, yet also to be prompt and quick in confidence, each to the other, when extreme need demanded. More than the peril of Prince Charlie's northward march, more than the danger attending this evening visit of the captain and his troopers, Maid Barbara felt the sweet and windy peril of her love for Blair. Men had come a-wooing in days past, had found her cold as winter on the moor; but to-night it was full summer in her heart, and she must needs confess the matter to Sir Peter.

He understood, for he had loved her mother well. He understood, and therefore his voice was grave and kind.

'I am not long for this world, Barbara. Last night the Drummer beat his death's tattoo round and about the house. Nay, do not cry, child, for all men must die at their appointed time. I am not long for this world, little Barbara, and I give my blessing to you and to Blair of Blair.'

There was a silence, while the wind piped through ill-fitting casements and through ill-mended crannies of the walls.

'Father, I love you so!' cried Barbara suddenly. 'You must not die.'

She knew afterwards what his smile meant, and his seeming strength. For he sat up in his bed, and he asked for linen to be set out, and all his bravest wearing-gear; and, when Barbara would have dissuaded him, he pointed to the door.

'It is supper-time, child, or near to it. To-night I mean to sit at my own board, and drink the health of Blair of Blair. Though he cannot sit at table with us, I shall know that he is my guest.'

Seeing that opposition would only anger him, and that he was fixed in purpose, Barbara withdrew. There was no one in the hall

as she went down, for Captain Hurst had gone to arrange for the comfort of his men and for the night's sentry-work about the house. When he returned, he found that Donald was carrying in the frugal supper, that Sir Peter was coming down the stair, a brave and upright figure. For Barbara had told her father nothing of the retreat at Derby—the news would have killed him outright—but had said, with a falsehood forgiven and approved in Heaven, that Blair of Blair was carrying despatches, and that the Prince's cause was speeding well.

For this reason Sir Peter Lynn forgot his sickness and his age. Like the fire of youth there burned in him the faith that Prince Charlie prospered, the knowledge that Blair of Blair, second only to the Prince he served, had found sanctuary here at Windy Hall. He was on the edge of death, and knew it—for the ghostly Drummer never lied—and he thanked God, as he came down the stair, that the last evening of his life was lit by Stuart hope. The man's heart was like a child's in faith and forward hope, like a man's in courage; and round about the draughty hall, as he came down the stair, he heard the echo, wild, yet softened, of distant pipes, the pipes that summoned him to a far world.

Captain Hurst was again bewildered, seeing this man, so frail and lie-abed not long ago, come brave and stately down the stair. It was a house of mystery, he told himself; yet the mystery was easy to be understood by any man who had real faith. Captain Hurst had none; he had a sense of duty, a sense of loyalty, on grounds of dry and dusty politics, toward the Usurper; but of that deep and fragrant thing which Sir Peter knew as loyalty he had no sense at all. So he bowed stiffly to his host, and pulled at his upper lip; and just then Barbara came into the hall. She lifted her eyebrows, daintily, on seeing Captain Hurst, and he moved forward.

'Your pardon,' he said gruffly, 'but I am compelled to quarter my troopers and myself here for the night. I regret the trespass, but it is the King's, not mine.'

So then Sir Peter, buoyant as one who sees a bigger and a truer world come knocking at the door of this world's life, Sir Peter asked the question which Barbara had feared, when she laughed at the door of the bedchamber upstairs.

'Which King, sir?' asked Sir Peter, and Hurst was awed by the dignity, the ripe and mellow faith, which made a second spring about the winter of this old man's life.

'King George,' he growled.

'Ah!' said Sir Peter, taking his snuff-box out and dusting either nostril delicately. Just so, in later years, the nobles of old France were destined to climb the steps that led from prison to the guillotine.

It was Donald who broke into the ensuing pause. 'Supper is served, Sir Peter,' he said.

Captain Hurst, as a matter of course, went in with them. Truth to tell, he was hungry beyond bearing, and thirsty beyond reason, as men are apt to be who serve dry politics. He did not notice, till he had despatched the half of a game pie, and the whole of a bottle standing at his elbow, that his hosts had neither drunk nor eaten. He had not noticed that Donald, though he wore the air of an attentive servitor, had not assisted him in any way. But then he had ridden far and hard, and he needed body-gear.

'I eat alone, it seems,' he said, with an attempt at laughter. The wine and food had heartened him, and he felt a sense of warmth.

'You eat and drink alone, sir,' answered Sir Peter, bowing gravely from the head of the table. 'My daughter and I have lost our appetites.'

The guest rose, and his face was red with shame, and anger, and a quick longing for Maid Barbara, who sat with a face made out of heaven and with eyes averted.

'I did not ask your hospitality, sir,' said Captain Hurst. 'It was forced equally upon us both.'

Sir Peter, just at all times, saw nearer still to truth to-night, for he stood on the brink of that friendly precipice which men name death. He was astonished that a rebel could have any dignity, or could show a face so true as Captain Hurst's.

'Your pardon, sir,' he said, rising tall and stately. 'I did not guess that any friend of the Usurper could be a gentleman. Yet, perhaps, you will leave us, for we mean to drink two toasts—and one of them is to the King Across the Water.'

Old Donald smiled, as he stood behind his master's chair. And then his face grew lean and grave.

'Sir Peter's fey,' he muttered to himself. 'Ay, it was like to be! I heard the Drummer lilting round the house all through the long, long night.'

Even Barbara, strive as she would to put the omen from her, knew that Sir Peter was 'fey' indeed. All sense of danger, of

need for discretion, had left him. His eyes were strangely bright, his face alert and happy. It was the hour of his reward for many sufferings and for a lifetime's loyalty.

'Fill our glasses, Donald,' he said, when Captain Hurst had left the room without a word. 'Fill our glasses. There'll be an end of hiding soon, Donald, for Mr. Blair of Blair, they tell me, brings fine news of the Prince.'

They drank to the King Across the Water, and Sir Peter sat him down again, erect against the oaken back of his great chair. He looked as if he, too, had found his kingdom. And then, while he was thinking of rising again to propose the toast of Blair of Blair, his arms fell quietly on the table, and his head sank low upon them; and Barbara, when she ran and knelt beside him, found that the Drummer's last tattoo had sounded. Sir Peter Lynn had earned his victory, and neither Barbara nor old Donald could altogether grieve. Death, to those who have suffered and held firm, is apt to be no spectre, but shows as a kindly friend who understands the need for rest.

'Now, whisht ye, lassie,' muttered Donald. 'He's away to the hills, and he's listening to the pibrochs and the strathspeys. Stuart dirks, and Stuart kilts, and the braw pipes whistling down the glens—they're all about him. Dinna grieve!'

CHAPTER III.

HOW TWO MET BY CANDLELIGHT.

THE night that followed was strange and full of happenings. It seemed to Barbara that, before Blair's coming, she had only sat at the threshold of life's door; it seemed as though the years of penury, of hardship bravely suffered, were a child's dreams, weak and fanciful.

Yet the years had taught her much—had taught her, in joy or grief, to look to present needs. They carried her father to the lang-settle—Donald, and the girl who was stronger than her slim body promised. And she stood above him reverently, looking down on the face which was glamourised over by death's hand.

'You would wish me to save Blair of Blair, father,' she said at last, quietly and gravely. 'I will do it.'

Later there would be time for tears; to-night grief asked for action.

Captain Hurst was pacing up and down when she went into the hall. He was humiliated, baffled, yet determined to go forward with his search.

'My father is dead, sir,' said Barbara. 'He lies in the room here, and I would ask that you take the key into your charge. You may need to search the room, and I trust you to show all reverence. Your men, at least, need not go in.'

He was abashed and shocked. 'Dead?' he echoed.

'Yes,' she answered, and passed on.

Less and less the captain relished his task. In a sense he felt responsible for Sir Peter's sudden end. His exploit now, moreover, was directed against Barbara and one old serving-man; it seemed to lack nobility of any kind, or any saving grace. Yet this Blair of Blair was a man whose name was music to the loyal, and superstition had it that the fairies shrouded him whenever danger pressed too closely. Captain Hurst recalled the rumour that had reached him from many a Jacobite camp—the boast that neither the Prince, nor Blair of Blair, could ever fall into the Usurper's hands. Hurst set his teeth, and held fast again to his failing purpose. Duty and self-interest alike demanded Blair's capture, for it was second only in importance to capture of the Prince himself.

It was an hour later, when the house lay quiet as its dead master, that Barbara crept, by a secret stair, into the kitchen offices, and set wine and food upon a tray, and carried them to the chapel. She crossed the chancel, and pushed the panel gently back. The blurred light of a candle came from the hiding-chamber underneath.

'Mr. Blair!' she whispered.

He was up the crumbling stair and at her side. 'You called?' he said, and his eyes, as the candles on the altar shone and flickered on them, were bright and full of eagerness.

'I bring you wine and food,' said Barbara simply. Yet her heart was racing like a moorland-burn in spate.

'You bring me wine and food!' he answered, and his voice was like the call of pipes where rowans hide an upland glen. 'That is true. You bring me wine and food—daintier food, and better wine, than life ever brought me yet.'

He glanced at the altar. 'There are two faiths, we said just now,' he went on. 'Nay, there are three. Faith in the true Church, faith in the Stuart, faith in the one woman made for man.'

'I do not understand,' she faltered.

He laughed, so low and bravely that the laughter carried no sense of sacrilege with it, though they stood within the chancel.

'I shall teach you to understand.' There was assurance in his tone, as there had been assurance in Sir Peter's when he bade a gallant farewell to this life—the clear and abiding knowledge of a faith as tried and lofty as the hills that girt their moorland home.

Barbara shrank away, ashamed that she had forgotten, even for a moment, the grief that lay below stairs, silent on the langsettle.

'Mr. Blair,' she said—her face had grown desperately sad, yet no less comely—'Mr. Blair, my father is dead.'

'No! I'll not believe it. His name has been a watchword with us. He was so upright——'

'He is dead, Mr. Blair, and for his sake'—she faltered, seeking his glance across the flicker of the altar candles—'for his sake I have promised to hide you safely and to send you safely out from this crazy house of ours.'

There was a silence between them. A rat came up the stair of the hiding-chamber, peeped at them, and withdrew. Blair of Blair had fought and silenced many of his kindred in the narrow lodging-place below.

'You are unprotected here?' he said at last.

'No, sir, by your leave. Our Lady watches over me.'

'Oh, true—true—but these fools who hunted me across the moor—they're quartered here?'

Barbara knew that soon she would be compelled to yield to this man with whom she talked at hazard to herself and him. For that reason she was minded to keep her liberty for as long as might be.

'They are quartered here, and they are fools, Mr. Blair. If you cannot trust me in a den of thieves—well, do not trust me, and I shall think the worse of you. Listen! I am pledged to send you safe across the hills——'

'And I am pledged to guard your honour. Listen! You say, listen! Listen to me, child, and let me tell you that these troopers——'

'Are you my guest, or are you not?' she asked—peremptorily, as if in her tattered frock she were accustomed to give commands and to see them instantly obeyed.

'I am your guest.' The tapers flickered on the altar, and their eyes met, and neither would give way.

'Then you will not question when I tell you what are our laws of hospitality—here on Windy Hill.' Barbara's voice was deep and strong; in long past generations she would have mothered Viking sons, have watched them go to battle, have wept by stealth when they were slain.

'A guest must not question,' he answered doggedly.

Yet Barbara knew that he meant to come out with her into the open. She saw his hand go stealthily toward his sword-hilt. He was minded to fight for her. Across her maiden past there blew a keen, swift wind of hazard and of mother-love. The words slipped from her; she could not stem the torrent.

'I forbid you to bring disaster on the house. You will not hide, you say? I have done many things, Mr. Blair, that were irksome in the doing. I have watched o' nights, while men of your faith, and of mine, were hiding here. It is easy for you to run down the stair, and fight against odds, and lie in peace, after being killed for sake of the true faith. Cannot you hide with honour, and live to fight some worthier battle?'

'Yes,' said Blair, 'if I win you at the end.'

It was winter time, but for Barbara pansies bloomed in summer gardens, and all the world was young. She laughed, forgetting the dead father. There was storm and tempest round about her, but from the island city of her maidenhood she welcomed the boat that came, across rough seas, to bring fresh tidings to her.

'If you win me?' she echoed. 'We were strangers some few hours since, Mr. Blair, and danger lies very near to you. I ask your promise that you will seek shelter, and keep it, until your road is clear.'

Reluctant, eager; proud, disdainful, tender; this girl in the tattered frock, with the shifting lights and shadows from the candles on her, moved Blair as no stress of battle had ever done. He had been courted; his deeds had passed into song; he had known the gay, yet melancholy glamour which Stuart Charlie cast about his intimates; all went by him now. The world held only Barbara—Barbara, and the candles shining from the altar on her upturned face.

He checked himself. This girl was friendless here, save for himself and old Donald. It was not the hour for wooing.

'Can you pledge your word that you are safe here in the house?' His voice was cold, for he could not trust himself.

'Safer, Mr. Blair, than if you put all our care for you aside, and

went down, and courted death. What have I to fear? Captain Hurst is a fool, doubtless—all men are who have no faith—but, according to his lights, he is a gentleman.'

'His uniform disguises it with a certain skill.'

Barbara, seeing that he was obstinate in his regard for her own safety, not his own, sought round and about for some logic—logic, not of the head, but of the heart—which would convince him.

'You carry despatches from the Prince?' she said abruptly.

'I do—and, God forgive me, I had forgotten them for the moment.'

'Would you care for them to fall into the hands of Captain Hurst? I tell you, Mr. Blair, he holds the house securely. He means to take no sleep to-night, but is roaming ceaselessly from room to room, searching a cupboard here, tapping a panel there. The prize is a big one, Mr. Blair, and your enemies are minded to secure it.'

'There are the windows. See you, these despatches are urgent—'

'The windows are guarded on all four sides. You would knot sheets together and lower yourself? Ay, and the troopers would be ready for you. Mr. Blair, you do not doubt my friendship? Be advised that the best service you can do the Prince is to lie hidden until Captain Hurst grows weary. I shall be as wakeful as he, I promise you, and will warn you when your road is clear.'

He paced up and down restlessly. 'Child, they are so urgent, those despatches! I was riding into Lancashire with them when these rascals found my trail and hunted me up into the moorland here. Lancashire failed us on the southward march—we had trusted implicitly to the promises of a good Catholic county—but there is better hope of them. Disaster has roused them. I am pledged to rally the gentry there.'

'You have hope still?' said Barbara, with sudden eagerness.

Blair laughed—not recklessly, not lightly, but with that deep and tempered faith which had earned him the respect of all men and the love of many.

'Hope? Why, yes. The Prince's men are of the breed that fights better always under hardship. If we could win Prestonpans, we can win our next big battle. I was there at Prestonpans.'

They had forgotten danger, turmoil; they had forgotten their love, which in a single day of peril had raced to flood. The candle-light showed two eager faces—that of the man who told of onset

and the battle-fury, that of the maid who listened. And on both faces was the reflection of that transfiguring light which Stuart love had lit, like a beacon, on the mountains of the North.

Blair told how Prestonpans was won—how they came in the grey of a chilly dawn across the marshland; how they fell upon trained troops with their little army, hastily levied and ill-armed, and penned them up like driven sheep between the walls which had promised safety to the Hanoverian camp. He told of a slaughter grim and terrible. He told of the southward march, the abiding gallantry and steadfastness of the Highlanders. He told of that disastrous scene at Derby, when the Prince and his army saw London well in sight, when the leaders of the clans alone proposed retreat. And then his voice grew brave and tranquil. He talked of the battle that must soon be fought—on this or the far side of the Scots border—and he was sure that they would win the fight.

Barbara was listening to the talk of an upright man, who feared God and honoured his King. So her father had talked. So Donald, the old serving-man, had talked in childhood's days. Yet she glanced towards the altar, with its lighted candles and its figure of the Virgin looking down with deep compassion on men's warfare.

'You—you have killed men?' she said, scarce knowing that she spoke.

'Never one who was not an enemy to the Prince. Child, there are matters that men only understand. I stand here—yes, here before the altar if you will—with the knowledge that, whatever I have done, it was for sake of a righteous cause.'

'Ah, yes! Forgive me—we have wayward impulses, we women—at one moment we buckle on the swords of our men, Mr. Blair, and at the next we shrink from the sharp edge of steel. I wronged you just now,' she went on, impulsively. 'I said that you were not known to us until to-day. You have been known to me—known to my father—as a true courtier and a truer gentleman. We—'

'You will spare me!' he interrupted lightly. 'What I have done might have been better done, and even then 'twould have been too little to offer to his Highness. I'm sadly bothered in this life by friends and enemies, Miss Lynn. One party over-praises me; the other assures me that a Puritan, uncomfortable sort of fire is waiting me in the next world. And both are wrong, you under-

stand—at least, I trust the Puritans are wrong. Like most of my fellows, I'm neither good nor bad, but a laughable mixture of the two. When I send in my last letters of credit, they'll all have the one phrase written on them—"no man dare say I was lacking in love for Stuart Charlie."

So then Barbara knew that he loved her; for dispraise of self—eager, hot-headed desire to tell the worst at once and have done with it—went ever with true love, and Barbara—untutored, save by instinct—knew as much. Her fears for Blair's safety reawakened.

'You will lie hid—for my sake,' she whispered.

They took a grave regard of each other, with no word spoken. This was their betrothal, here before the altar they revered, and they knew their love secure. Like a wind that lifts past griefs and blows them wide afield, love shook Maid Barbara till she trembled. It is not by the ways of peace that men and women come to understanding, but by the road of onset and of danger; and along these paths of turmoil they are apt to love quickly and for life.

'Yes!' he answered. 'I will lie hid—for your sake.'

Captain Hurst, meanwhile, ill at ease, weary for the sleep he lacked, had been going doggedly about the house. He grew surer that Blair was hidden somewhere in these draughty rooms. His long vigil gave him leisure in which to view the earlier hazards of the day aright—the pursuit, the seeing of the fugitive mounted on a roan mare, both limned against the moorland skyline—the coming to Windy Hall, and the dead nag at the gate, with a lady's saddle on its back. There was Sir Peter's open avowal of his faith, moreover, and Donald's lean riddle of a face. Undoubtedly the man he sought was here.

Hurst, unimaginative by discipline and habit, was disturbed by queer breezes of poetry that seemed to creep about these haunted passages. Love was not his business in life; yet he had seen Barbara, had heard her voice. He saw life, for his moment of freedom, from the watered hills where Blair of Blair and Barbara stood—where dead Sir Peter had stood in his lifetime—and the cold greed of policy deserted him. He understood—clearly as if a voice were whispering in his ear—that these folk had truer breeding than himself, a livelier faith, a better heart with which to meet the day's round of work and suffering.

His moment passed, and he cursed himself for harbouring idle

thoughts. He paced the draughty corridors again, listening for human voices, and hearing only the scamper of the rats behind the wainscoting.

At a turn of the passage he met Donald, who was wakeful as his mistress. Unobtrusive, alert, the old man had shadowed Hurst as if, indeed, the latter were a prisoner on doubtful parole, instead of the master of the situation.

‘I want a word with you,’ said Hurst brusquely.

Donald was all grim attention. ‘If ye’re like to sit up through the night, Captain Hurst, and if I’m like to sit up as long myself, there’ll be time and to spare for talk. ’Tis one and another, I take it. Ye guard a prisoner who’s away to the hills by now; old Donald guards the house; ’twould seem a waste of time on both sides.’

Hurst looked him through, but could learn nothing from the dour, well-tempered irony of the man. For about Donald, as about his mistress, there was that air of resolution, gloved by courtesy, which had baffled Hurst since his first coming to this windy house upon the moor.

There was one expedient untried as yet. Hurst had little hope of it; but he drew five guinea pieces from his pocket.

‘The man I seek is somewhere in the house here. You can guide me to him if you will.’

For a space Hurst’s spirits rose, for Donald took one of the guineas between a thumb and forefinger, and held it to the light of the candle he was carrying. Again Hurst felt the zest of the hunt; he would learn where Blair of Blair lay hid; he would secure despatches of the first importance, would secure, too, the person of one for whose body, dead or alive, they were crying at the Court in London. The King—his own King, he meant—would recognise such signal service, and he himself would climb high, in a single day, up that ladder of ambition which had stood to him for God.

‘It is false coin,’ said Donald. His dry sobriety was more rich in humour than outright laughter could have been.

‘Ring it, man—ring it, if you doubt it.’ Hurst missed the other’s meaning.

‘I dinna need to ring it. I’ve seen the face of it, Captain Hurst, and ’tis a false likeness of the King I serve.’

Again Hurst’s dreams of glory faded. He was met once more by that wall of perfect trust, in themselves and in their faith, which

had hindered him throughout this enterprise with loyal folk. King George up here in the north was simply a charlatan who coined money under false pretences.

'I could send you to the gallows for less treasonable words,' he snapped, his temper breaking.

'Ye'd best send me quickly, then; now that Sir Peter's gone, and the retreat from Derby has set in, 'tis time I went. My mother, up by the burn in Skye, would always pray when I was a bairn that I might die between clean sheets. Ye promise me as much; for, if ye ken my meaning, your hangman is just my godly help to martyrdom. A martyr lies between clean sheets, they say.'

Hurst turned on his heel with an oath. It was easy to dismiss old Donald as a crazy fool; but it was hard to fight against this faith—tempered like a sword-blade of Ferrara's—which met him at every draughty corner of the house.

'Is your Prince a saint, then?' he asked.

'No,' said Donald soberly. 'He's just a gentleman—like Mr. Blair of Blair, who's away to the hills—and both carry their naked sins with them, as you and I carry 'em, Captain Hurst—but they carry them with a difference which ye'll ken.'

Hurst understood that this was Donald's quiet revenge for the insult put upon him. He had attempted bribery with a Highland Jacobite, and all the world was soon to learn the hopelessness of such an enterprise. It was to the captain's credit that he accepted the slight with a shrug of the shoulders and passed on; for undoubtedly he had it in his power, if not to capture Blair as yet, at least to punish Blair's well-wisher.

A half-hour later—he was roaming the upper corridors, and wondering if, after all, his prize were in the house—he heard a muffled sound of voices. So late at night, in a place so haunted, a man of keener fancy would have looked for some ghostly explanation of the voices. To Captain Hurst, however, phantoms had no bearing upon practical ambition, and were discredited by him; he sought at once for the chamber—obviously close at hand—from which the voices reached him.

He found a low and narrow passage, at the far end of which a streak of candlelight came from underneath a close-shut door. A silence tense and absolute had succeeded the hum of voices, but Hurst went forward hopefully—went on tip-toe, like a thief, and opened the door with soft and cautious stealth.

He saw a private chapel, appointed with reverence and zeal.

He saw candles flickering on the altar, and Barbara kneeling with beautiful, bowed head. She was alone.

Hurst stood at the door, motionless, intent. He had not found Blair of Blair, but he had found a reverence new to him these days. From the gardens of his boyhood—the green, quiet places he had known before ambition had haled him to the prison-house—the old winds blew about him. A poignant regret took hold of him. He reached out, an outcast, toward the clean, unswerving loyalty, the faith unquestioning, of Barbara, kneeling in her tattered gown. Once he might have chosen the same road, have climbed upward to the hills, a friend and equal of such as Barbara; instead, he was doomed to plod across the sullen flats of life.

He withdrew, quietly as he had come, and closed the door behind him. And Barbara, not knowing he had come or gone, rose from the altar-rails.

She had been praying that God would aid her to be worthy of Blair's love.

(To be concluded.)

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